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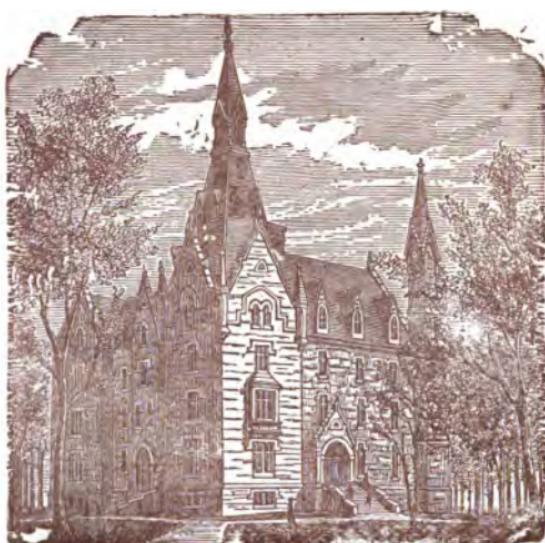
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A

# DECADE OF ORATORY,

AT

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY:

## ELEVEN PRIZE ORATIONS

WHICH HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE ANNUAL PRIZE OF  
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, GIVEN BY  
MRS. JAMES S. KIRK.

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COLLECTED AND EDITED BY EDWIN L. SHUMAN.

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TO

MRS. JAMES S. KIRK,

TO WHOM NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY OWES THE MUNIFICENT PRIZE WHICH, FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, HAS CALLED FORTH THE HIGHEST AND BEST OF THE TALENT AND INSPIRATION OF THE STUDENTS OF OUR COLLEGE,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

## PREFACE.

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HONOR may be emptiness, and fame but a fleeting breath; and yet, as honors go, it is no mean achievement to win the Kirk prize at Northwestern University. There are many laurels which the Evanston student, by diligence and perseverance, may place upon his brow, but this is the crown of them all. Sifted as the contestants are—first by a stern competition for five prizes given for excellence in writing, and then by a still sterner competition among the successful five for the prize of one hundred dollars given for excellence in composition and oratory—the prize oration almost of necessity represents the supreme effort of the best writer and speaker in the college. The twelve orations contained in this book have, therefore, some title to the name of masterpieces, and are worthy of preservation and imitation; preservation by those in whose memories the words

set astir sweet perfumes of other days; imitation by those whose college prizes are not yet all won—those who have yet to meet a bitterer loss or a sweeter gain than a college contest can bring. Into the hands of both is this little book given, with the hope that it may prove one more link in the bright chain binding them, through the years, to the grand old college by the lake.

E. L. S.

*Evanston, Ill., June, 1888.*



## THE DUTY OF THE SCHOLAR IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

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BY WM. H. HARRIS, '78.

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Every question of duty is two-fold in nature, dealing with the *oughtness* and the *rightness* of motives and actions—that is, the choice of ends and of the means best adapted to secure them; on the one hand, conscience; on the other, judgment. As regards the former, the obligation to choose the highest good is affirmed by conscience and best expressed by the word *ought*, in which there can be no degrees, for oughtness, as the term is used by the best thinkers, is absolute and immutable.

Joseph Cook has made this most clear in a characteristic passage. After defining conscience as "that which perceives and feels oughtness and rightness in motives," he says: "Take the single word *ought* and weigh it according to the sternest rules of the scientific method. What shall we weigh against the one word *ought*? Here is a soldier who had father mother, wife, child and children to weigh against that insignificant syllable, and he weighed them in the mornings and the noons—in both the sacred twi-

'lights, as they say in India—and in the midnights. . . . He was the only support of his family, but the one word, ought, again and again carried up the weight of the mightiest contradictory syllables. . . . If you please, sum up the globes as so much silver, and the suns as so much gold, and cast the hosts of heaven as diamonds on a necklace into one scale, and if there is not in it any part of the word ought, if ought is absent in the one scale, and present in the other, up will go your scale laden with the universe, as a crackling paper scroll is carried aloft in a conflagration, ascending toward the stars.'

But duty involves also a choice of actions in the adaptation of means to ends, and must be determined in part by the judgment. For *rightness* concerns external acts alone. Now the responsibility for the rightness of our acts is as great as for the choice of supreme ends, *provided* the judgment is sincerely followed and every means improved to enlighten and correct it. Take an instance. *Ought* the Hindoo mother to cast her helpless babe into the sacred river? And, supposing her to be sincere, I tell you the *ought* trampling out all the tender mother feelings is one of the most sublime spectacles we can portray. But if you say, Is the *act right*? I answer in the name of all humanity and of the God who made it, and who said in the thunders of Sinai:—"Thou shalt not kill." Such, in brief, is the *nature* of duty.

Accepting this, two thoughts naturally arise: First, duty is positive and aggressive. Its laws are not all prohibitory, but contain also affirmative commands. While "it is a virtue to do no evil," yet there is in duty more than this; there is the obligation to do good, for only in this way can there be anything but stagnation.

In the next place, we must throw upon our conscience all the light we may obtain, lest ends which seem supreme to us may assume this appearance only because of obtuse or blunted power of perception.

Then, too, the mind should be cultivated and the judgment trained that it may choose intelligently; for there are certain laws of expediency which study and culture present to all men alike.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

The responsibility, then, of the scholar and his duty, are great in proportion to his advancement, and a consideration of them is a fit theme for the most earnest thought. It is the tendency of study, however, when there is no counteracting influence, to produce carelessness in regard to the active duties of life.

The student is too wont to withdraw into the solitude of his own chamber, and there, burying himself in thought and mysticism, to forget that he is a part not only of the world, but of a nation, that he is not only a man, but a citizen, that his influence must be

real and active, that he has a mission no other can fulfill.

For very many reasons which must present themselves to every mind, the duty of the scholar is still more positive in a popular government.

Then, there is a nobility of great men; there, in theory, at least, "'Tis noble only to be good."

But especially is this the case in our own land. A little more than a century ago, we proclaimed liberty and freedom not exclusively, as did the French, because all men are *theoretically* free and equal, but that we might enjoy certain blessings, which experience had taught our mother country could come only from political liberty.

By a wonderful assimilative power, we have received into our midst millions of foreigners, not only without the political training all must have, to some extent, in a representative government, but whose whole atmosphere of political thought had been darkened and deadened by despotism tyranny, and that most effectual check on all thought—dreary, hopeless poverty.

The tide of immigration seems to have ceased at present, and has left us with a still uneducated mass, a heterogeneous people, and in a condition which may well appall even the stout-hearted.

Now, if ever in our history, nay, if ever in the history of the world, is there a call for the working

scholar, the aggressive thinker in the arena of politics. Now, if ever, is the time when the scholar is called upon to assume the truest, highest duties of scholarship, and bring happiness and blessings to the nation and the world.

Speaking in the most general way, the questions which present themselves may be considered under two great heads, as relating to the general nature and functions of government; and as dependent for their answers on the rules and precepts of Political Economy.

The subject of popular government is one on which men indulge in many and specious generalities. There are, and ever have been within our country, two schools of politicians. One has embraced the thoughtful, prudent and conservative and has upheld popular government in the form which has brought true liberty and prosperity to England and our own land.

The other school has inscribed on its banner, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*," and rashly, heedlessly, ignorantly preached the doctrine which brought misery and bloodshed to France and made democracy seem but a dream of Utopia.

To this latter school of demagogues and enthusiasts do we owe such extremes of democracy as we see actively operating in the instruction of representatives by mass-meetings of citizens; of election

to the judicial bench of party leaders, often without the requisite qualifications, as well as biased by the platforms on which they were chosen; nay, to our shame be it said, sometimes elected to be but the judicial mouthpiece of an unthinking, clamoring constituency. What a field lies open here for the thinker and scholar!

The great work of Hamilton and Jay and Madison points the way, and calls trumpet-tongued for emulators of them. It calls to the scholar to leave the comfort and seclusion of his study and take up the editorial pen, that he may drive abashed from their seats the charlatans and sophists who have usurped the high places of journalism. Oh, that we might see men of sterling worth and thought rising to tell the people in accents of power, that popular government means not only government for the people and by the people, but government and restraint of the people—the people not as an indefinite, intangible mass, but the people as communities large and small, the people as individuals.

Then should we learn the true nature and functions of government. Then should we cease to raise the cry of triumph when an unprincipled minority baffled and embarrassed the administration of justice; should cease to see campaigns call forth only streams of coarse invective and personal abuse; should see parties with measures, not men alone.

So vast a field opens to those who can wield the editorial pen, and address millions in burning words. But not to these alone does duty call. There is equal need of the co-operation of all thinkers in ward meetings and conventions. We want to see the political rostrum filled with men and scholars who shall teach the people the true principles and uses of government. We want party leaders who shall present issues to our judgment, not who shall vie with one another in defiling the character and fame of their opponents.

Then, too, the scholar must hold himself in readiness to assume the burden and weight of office, when duty calls him. His must be an effective, aggressive participation, led on by a pure patriotism, sustained by a noble courage and consciousness of well doing. There is another duty I would like to mention, and which I think has been too lightly dwelt upon—that of actual service and performance of duty in connection with our jury system.

Whence the dissatisfaction and continual complaint against this great bulwark of liberty? Is it not because the jury has come to be composed of professional jurors? Because the thinker and scholar, when summoned to sit upon a jury, listens not to the dictates of duty, but, from a mere personal convenience, trumps up some frivolous excuse and leaves the jury to be filled by irresponsible idlers

and unthinking hangers-on of courts? The scholar knows from history and reason the value of the jury trial—knows of the bloodshed and sorrow it has cost, and can he say *his* duty lies in a higher plane? Can he say there *is* a higher plane of action than that which conduces to human progress and happiness, by securing in their unsullied purity and untrammelled power for good, the great guide posts and guarantees of constitutional liberty? So broad is the field of effort which lies before the scholar in explaining and executing the duties of citizenship, as it pertains to the general nature and functions of governments.

But there is another direction in which he must direct his efforts.

The greatest stumbling blocks in the progress of popular governments have been the questions to be decided by the aid of political economy. Democracy is most powerful, when in the crises of national danger it grapples with tangible foes; when the spirit of patriotism fills the whole people with enthusiasm, and they arise in their might to do or die for fatherland. Or when corruption has made its way into the high places, or the sovereign rights of the people been assailed, democracy has been found competent for self-protection and preservation. But with the question of political economy she has not been able successfully to contend. Even in a peo-

ple possessing a high degree of intelligence, nay, among scholars themselves, there has been an almost willful misinterpretation of the sphere and scope of this science. People fail to see that questions of this character must be viewed in the cold, white light of the intellect; that by the very nature of things there is no room here for passion or prejudice. And yet even a man of Mr. Froude's position and culture indulges in this meaningless sentimentalism found in one of his recent essays. Of political economy he says: "This so-called science is the most bare-faced attempt that has ever been openly made on earth to regulate human society without God or recognition of the moral law." And he considers it a reproach to the English clergy, because, as he says, "They have permitted it to grow up, to take possession of the air, to penetrate schools and colleges, to control the action of legislatures without even so much as opening their lips in remonstrance." The folly of this is apparent at once to the scholar, and he sees and knows how this unreasoning bigotry is carried into all the practical questions of this science.

We are struggling with these problems to-day, and upon their solution depends our immediate prosperity, if not our ultimate life or death.

It is to the scholar and his beneficent influence that we must look for the removal of the hallucina-

tions and for the correction of the mistaken ideas in regard to the great problems of city government, communism and all the far-reaching questions of finance. He must dispel the clouds which obscure the people's vision, clouds which political charlatans have conjured up by crazy repetitions of such phrases as "people's money," "protection of the working classes," "the poor man's government." We want the scholar to take the platform for parties, not as he has lately stood, to cover up all issues in glittering generalities which mean nothing, but to call upon the powers of reason and intelligence, to show in the vivid pictures of history and experience that "honesty is the best policy," that the loss and dishonesty of repudiation is as great whether we call it theft, or readjustment, rehypothecation, or coin some new word which shall not grate on the over-delicate ears of sentimental and tender hearted legislators. It is the scholar that must convince the people that the Utopia of communistic ravings is an impossibility, that individual rights of property form the very foundation and corner stone of modern civilization, that without it our boasted culture and advancement must crumble and fall.

It is not, however, because the scholars of the land deny these propositions, or defend any other position, that we lack wisdom and power in our legislation. What we lack is the individual effort.

We must not forget that this is the grand elemental force, that it is through the individual that ideas must pass in order to become embodied in society. The great cry of the nation is for men like Adams and Sumner, who are willing, nay, who boldly advance to bear alone, if need be, the brunt and force of battle, men who have a sublime faith in earnest individual effort. To such success and fame and the blessing of prosperity are assured.

Let us then who have had the advantages of education remember this and in words spoken on the centennial anniversary of our independence, "Let us take heed to our ways and, while it is called to-day, resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the long line of the advancing generations, the home of liberty, the abode of justice, the stronghold of faith among men, 'which holds the moral elements of the world together,' and of faith in God, which binds that world to his throne."



## THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

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BY G. E. ACKERMAN, '78.

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Mystery has ever had for the human heart a peculiar charm. The desire to look into the unknown is as universal as the race, and goes with us from the cradle to the grave. The poor savage who wanders down to the beach and gazes out upon the broad expanse of waters wondering what lies beyond, and then up into the starry heavens until his great, simple heart is filled with superstitious awe; the astronomer, who with unflagging zeal watches out the night, striving to detect some celestial wanderer that his calculations have led him to suspect; the chemist, bending intently over his crucible, or watching for some delicate reaction; the geologist, patiently striving to decipher the records of the rocks;—all are moved by a common desire, a desire to lift the veil which hides from view the Unknown. It is this which has given us all the modern appliances in the arts and has placed Physical Science in such a proud position before the world. It is *this*, which to-day causes us to do higher honor to the patient investigator of scientific phenomena than to the greatest warrior or statesman, and brings it to pass that a nation's most lasting fame comes not from her politi-

cal achievements but from the possession of some master-mind in science.

But it is to another class of investigators that I would at present invite your attention.

Upon the human mind from the earliest ages has been enstamped the image of the Divine; *in* it have been placed the germs of every truth, and a large share of the world's thought has been given to the study of individual man and his relations to the Infinite. In this study, as in all matters of great importance, progress has been slow. The mightiest changes—those which have tended most to the advancement of civilization and been most permanent in their results, have taken place slowly. Historians pause not to count the men who *fail* in any great enterprise, tell us not of buried hopes; so that only those who stand at the *crises* of events have their names handed down to posterity. Revolutions which at first thought seem to have been the result of a single man's planning and a single nation's executing,—examined more closely, are found to have been the growth of centuries and the common property of all nations.

Men find a peculiar pleasure in the study of those periods of human history which tell of struggles for freedom; and well may this be so, for all these struggles were of value and possessed true dignity.

But above them all, while of necessity linked with them, I would place the struggles of thought to burst its fetters. Pluck not a single leaf from the garlands of victory placed on Grecian warrior's brow, but crown with gold the heads of her philosophers who dared to think beyond the superstitions of their times. Let honor be given to those who fought for republican principles in Italy and France, but two-fold honor to those who struggled to emancipate thought from the bondage of churchly tyranny.

The historian tells us there are only two great eras in the history of mental science; but, although this may be true, and these eras may be separated by twenty centuries, no one of those centuries was without its searchers after truth, its representative minds, striving to peer through the darkness and grasp the unknown. There may have been but little accomplished in all that time of a purely philosophical character, but much was done toward the emancipation of mind, toward preparing the world for the advent of those master-souls of the seventeenth century, Bacon and Descartes, who gave a new impulse to philosophical study, striking boldly out into paths hitherto untrodden and inviting all men to examine for themselves. The former did little with pure philosophy as such, but who can measure the influence he exerted upon its methods, both in his own and in all subsequent generations?

It is because Bacon lived, and questioned the old methods, denied the absolute power of logic and protested against the lack of observation, that so many eager inquirers have ever since that time been patiently interrogating Nature, and in a thousand ways endeavoring to elicit from her an answer to those problems which are constantly forcing themselves upon us for solution. Critics are compelled to acknowledge the worth of his labors, but tell us that he led the thinking world far into Sensationalism, and think, forsooth, that this bears down and blackens that noble spirit of sound wisdom which labored so earnestly to clear away obstructions and go on to ultimate truth. We grant that to some extent these criticisms are just; that the theories of Hobbes, both political and moral, which, as Hallam says, "sear up the heart and take away the sense of wrong," were the outgrowth of the inductive philosopher's method, and yet I believe his great heart beat responsive to truth and that for its advancement his life was given.

Then, too, perhaps we owe "The Essay on The Human Understanding" to the impulse given to free inquiry by this same great man. By him the spirit of independence was aroused, and soon it became diffused. As one opens this immortal work of John Locke he is at once struck with its quaint vigor and rugged boldness. He had a plan of his

own based all upon the phenomena of mind, and pushing fearlessly out gave to the world a treatise which influenced thought beyond all calculation; influenced it for evil, to a great extent, in calling into the field such works as those of Priestly, in England, and Condillac, in France, and helping to build up a system which finally went a long way toward degrading morality and dethroning God, unsettling governments and breeding revolutions; yet who will presume to strike the balance in the long account?

To Descartes we owe even more than to Bacon. He it was who, in all the vigor of a manly independence, built up an ideal philosophy, the fundamental principles of which have not yet suffered removal. But, as is the fate of many a leading mind, he undertook to push a single general notion to the extent of solving all problems, and led his followers into pure Objective Idealism, as may be seen in the works of Spinoza. But the writings of Descartes more than atoned for all this in bringing out such men as Butler and Clarke to do valiant service in the armies of truth.

It was upon German soil, however, that Idealism had its most vigorous growth. Here its foremost representative was Leibnitz, a man of profound mind and great learning, who devoted himself with unflaging zeal and a wide-reaching liberality to an

analysis of the systems of Descartes and Locke and the advancement of philosophical culture. There seemed something Divine in the strong overmastering grasp with which his giant intellect took hold upon a subject and analyzed it,—went to the bottom of it, and the thinking world to-day owes much to the great geometer.

Idealism in more modern times has given to the world such men as Stewart, McIntosh and Hamilton in Scotland, Fichte, Hegel and Schelling in Germany, who with their great leader Immanuel Kant have won for their country immortal fame as the land of the Ideal Philosophy; while sensationalism has furnished Mill, Lewes and Bentham in England, Tracy, Volney and Compte in France; who have made for themselves great popularity, but some of whom have pursued a cherished theory far into the mazes of unreason and folly. Hamilton in particular is deserving of notice. Every page of his writings shows a mind capable of the most accurate analysis, and this, together with that vigor and purity of style so peculiarly his own, has given to his works a charm which time will not destroy.

I know it is quite the fashion in some circles to shrink back with a sort of holy horror from anything that looks like unfaithfulness to the old creeds, and to cast out with ignominy the names of all skeptical leaders; but with all my love for the generally accept-

ed doctrines of our holy Christianity, I regard as of thrilling interest the study of the growth and influence of Rationalism in all its forms, and instead of shrinking in disgust and dread from such men as Rousseau, Mill, Huxley and Spencer, I welcome them as in God's providence doing a work which needs to be accomplished in the onward march of Christian civilization. There are heaven-born doubts as well as earth-born, and it is only the failure to distinguish between the two that produces all the trouble. There are two classes of people and only two, who would have us believe that there exists a deadly conflict between Christianity and science. The one is composed of those enthusiasts in religion, who have made but the slightest advancement in scientific inquiry, and yet have an absurd notion that they are set to guard the sacred portals against the inroads of what to them seems a godless science, the other of men who, with shallow brains but apt speech, have succeeded in catching the public ear and are making a mock of both religion and science in the name of liberality. Both are enemies to mankind. The former because they claim to possess the whole of the truth; and it is this spirit which in all history has given rise to persecutions; the latter because they are hypocrites of the deepest dye. Professing to be lovers of truth, they are merely lovers of self; professing to be reasoners, they are only scoffers; professing to

have found out the facts for themselves, they are taking everything at second-hand and can offer nothing but negations at the best. They have not the faintest resemblance to the genuine searcher after truth.

The conflict in which we are now engaged was inevitable, and why may we not rejoice in it, if it do but strike off the fetters which stifle conscience and defraud it of its freedom and give us a religion strong in the strength of its own inherent virtue and immortal energy?

Minds cherishing a calm and restful faith, imbued with an intense realization of the spiritual, are at the portals. From out the remotest corner of creation and from the recesses of man's own soul, are being brought the rich results of persevering search. No longer chained, the human mind hesitates not to venture the boldest inquiries.

Girded with the power of an all-conquering faith in the harmony between Nature and Nature's God, lovers of truth rather than lovers of antiquity and self—patient toilers—are at work: some in the obscurity of their own study or laboratory, some before the eyes of wondering thousands; some on the old-time fields of Europe; some in our own loved land; and it matters not what the world gives them, in what school it places them, with how much of suspicion it regards them, how bitterly they are hated or ma-

ligned; such workers are the need of the times, such thinkers are to constitute the power which shall banish intolerance from the world, crush out forever the spirit of tyranny, emancipate conscience, enthrone Christ in every heart, and spread broadcast throughout the land principles all athrob with vitality, individuality and immortality.



## THE WESLEYAN REFORMATION.

BY JESSIE MOOPE, '79.

There are events in history which are the turning points of the ages ; epochs, when useless forms are cast aside and obstacles removed, when new forces begin to act, new life is infused into society, and an era of progress is inaugurated. Such events in political history are grand in their effect on the destinies of a nation. But such events in moral history are far grander in their influence on the character and life of individuals, and, through them, upon all the manifold departments of society.

The Wesleyan Reformation was such an event. Contemporaries laughed at its methodical strictness, spoke contemptuously of its strange phenomena and called its leaders enthusiasts or fanatics. But later philosophers say with Isaac Taylor, "To the events of that time must we look, when we seek to trace to its source what is most characteristic of the present times." They pay high tribute to John Wesley ; to the practical wisdom, that enabled him to avoid the snares and pitfalls that surround every moral reformer ; to the industry, that in his busy

life acquired a breadth of knowledge of which many wise men have only dreamed ; to the heroic bravery that conquered mobs intent upon his death and made them his protection ; to the sunny sweetness and simplicity that won love from all ; and to the rounded symmetry and completeness of character, that made him a man unsurpassed and rarely equaled.

The Wesleyan Reformation arose when England was devoted to the development of her material and industrial resources, when commerce, agriculture, and the physical sciences were making marvelous advancement, but when morals and religion were decaying. Skepticism was abroad in the land, a skepticism of utter indifference into which the nation had carelessly, unconsciously drifted. "Every one laughs, if one talks of religion," said Montesquieu. In the upper classes, "to violate every decency of life is to establish a claim to wit and spirit," is the verdict of a historian on that age. The masses, left without the purifying influences of education and religion, sank into depths of crime and degradation. Cold, dead formalism held the churches in its grasp. Ministers dreaded enthusiasm, neglected the most potent truths of Christianity, and preached little more than the doctrines of natural religion. Blackstone, after hearing all the noted clergymen of London, declared himself unable to discover whether the preachers were followers of Confucius, of

Mohammed, or of Christ. In the quaint words of Isaac Taylor "Non-conformity was rapidly in course to exist nowhere but in books." Swift and stern were the ministers of the established church. Young men advertised for curacies in a good sporting country, where the duty is light and the neighborhood convivial.

At such a time the movement called Methodism arose. Beginning within the established church, it extended itself through the whole English nation. A few earnest men who had grieved over the vice and formality of the age, are divinely guided to a remedy.

What was this remedy? What was Methodism? A great truth before unknown might have produced the result. Methodism contained no new truth. Its doctrines, proclaimed by Luther, broke the shackles Rome had fastened upon Europe and were the vital truths contained in the creeds of all Protestant Churches. "Methodism," says Dr. Chalmers, "was Christianity in earnest." An earnest, fervent love to God was the power that wrought through its ministers. This was the force that impelled Whitfield in his heroic labors. This was the inspiration in Charles Wesley's hymns. This was the reward and the result of John Wesley's struggles and prayers. This was the very source of Methodism.

All great events are connected by some link, visible

or hidden. Methodism stands in close relation to preceding moral movements. Puritanism spoke to John Wesley in a mother's teachings, Luther in his writings, and John Huss through his Moravian follower Böhler. Methodism was the Reformation brought down to the masses of the English people.

Reasons of state made Protestantism the religion of England. Puritanism reached comparatively few. As Southey says: "The masses had been papists, now they were protestants, but they had never been Christians." The Reformation of the eighteenth century reclaimed the colliers at Kingswood, preached to the rabble at Moorfield. It penetrated prisons and stood by those condemned to death. It made religion, with all its purifying influences, with all its comforts and consolations, an inmate of the home of the English peasantry.

Men have asked and are asking the reasons for the marvelous success of Methodism. No answer will satisfy them that does not recognize both the human and the divine element, that does not include the movement's adaptations for success, and the ever sufficient reason, God's will. Its enthusiasm attracted, pervaded and held the masses.

Its doctrines were truths that compel the attention, truths that take deep hold upon the lives of men, the only truths that answer the questions and satisfy the longings of the human heart.

Its end and aim were positive. The Reformation spent its strength in opposing Rome. It produced a negative result, the overthrow of Rome's tyranny. Methodism opposed no existing system. It vitalized the English Church. It aimed at the diffusion of a pure religion.

Its ecclesiastical system was a growth. Circumstances fashioned and fitted it for success. It was the need of discipline and watchful care that created the Methodist Church.

No enumeration of the elements that contributed to Methodism's success will be complete without its hymns. "Let me make the ballads of a people and I care not who makes their laws," said a wise man. Charles Wesley's hymns have been the ballads of the people for over a century. "Lofty, intense, pure and tender," we can realize better than we can express the influence his songs have had. They express spiritual thoughts in language that has no need of sensuous images. Their language is so forcible, yet so natural, that, like a perfect mirror, it reveals, but is itself unseen. In their varying emotions they utter, rather than describe, every emotion of man's spiritual nature. Stephens says, "They march at times like lengthened processions in solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like the sobs of grief at the graveside, play

like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray of the battle-field."

Such a movement must inevitably have wrought great results.

Calvinistic Methodism roused the non-conforming churches from their lethargy and changed the English clergy from the most lifeless in the world to earnest, efficient men.

Arminian Methodism instituted the Methodist Church, which has been what Daniel Webster called it, "one of the great props of religion and morals."

Methodism sought the lower classes in the abodes of iniquity and suffering and saved to England her middle classes. It took the people from drinking and gambling dens, from vice and degradation, gave them higher thoughts and aims, created in them an earnest purpose to be pure and virtuous, made them men and women.

This is not all. "One of the leading characteristics of the eighteenth century," says Buckle, "was a craving after knowledge on the part of those from whom knowledge had hitherto been shut." Methodism awakened this craving and provided for its satisfaction. Wesley commanded his ministers to carry books on every round. He began the issue of cheap publications, originated tracts, and scattered broadcast abridgements of works on religion, his-

tory, literature and science. He laid the foundation for the increased intelligence of the English nation.

The change Methodism wrought is recorded in the history, literature and even in the daily life of the people in characters too legible to be mistaken. Puritanism reformed England by an iron rule that made the nation rigorously, intensely moral, but left it ready for the riotous excesses of the succeeding reign. Methodism reformed England, made the nation as intensely moral, by purifying the fountains of society, by so changing the people that of themselves they turned with distaste, even with disgust, from their evil practices and entered upon higher pursuits.

The succeeding age was one of reform. Trace back along the lines of causation, and in how many instances did forces, set in operation by Methodism, produce these reforms! Many political measures originated with the "good men of Clapham." But, in a sense higher than that of originating the bills, Methodism may claim the reforms. Neither the men who proposed them, neither king, lords, nor commons made them law, but something beyond these, something infinitely more powerful—the will of the people. Methodism had made that people intelligent, had taught them principles of reform, had created the demand for reform, that as in 1832

overcame the opposition of the clergy, subdued king and lords, and in triumph carried their measure.

Such were the good results of Methodism. What were its evils?

Opponents truly say that at first it produced revolting physical phenomena, that it sometimes strained or unhinged the mind. But these effects soon disappeared.

Lecky, after giving a favorable account of Methodism, brings three accusations. He charges it with closing public museums and galleries on the Sabbath. Many things indicate that America still prefers the English to the German Sabbath. He charges it with increasing the hatred of Catholics that has been so disastrous to Great Britain. Methodism was remarkable for its catholicity. He charges it with hostility to culture and research. As a body its ministers were never learned. Their work among the lowly did not demand learning, often their poverty forbade it and the faithful discharge of the great duties laid upon them left them neither time nor strength to acquire it. But Methodism has not opposed education. Its birth place at Oxford, the books and periodicals that issue from its busy presses, the colleges and seminaries scattered through our land forbid that thought. These are the only evils that darken Lecky's glowing picture of Methodism.

The Reformation secured the priceless boon of intellectual freedom, but the Reformation breathed forth the spirit of bitter intolerance. Puritanism preserved England's free government and Protestant religion, but Puritanism "tried to build up a kingdom of God by force." Methodism alone produced good almost unmixed with evil. Methodism has ministered to the lowly, the ignorant, the neglected, has trained, elevated, educated them. Its love to God has produced love to man, has reawakened the spirit that deems a man more precious than fine gold, that calls every man brother, and sacrifices friends, home, life itself, to help him. Unconfined by the narrow boundaries of its island home, it came to America and has plaited churches from Maine to Florida. It has passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, borne upon the very crests of the waves of immigration. It has carried the glad tidings to the islands of the sea and to the Orient. It has proclaimed the half-forgotten truths of Christianity in France, Germany, even in Rome itself.

This mighty movement, passing onward and still onward for a century and a half, has not yet spent its force. With its sister churches it is educating, civilizing, Christianizing the world. And it will never halt in its onward course till the world is redeemed from sin and suffering, till it is cleansed, purified, beautified, fitted to be the house of the Master when He comes to occupy it.



THE  
**SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.**

BY JULIA D. WATSON, '80.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years have passed away, since there occurred, in the old Greyfriars church-yard in Edinburgh, an event which was the result of a kingly policy as shortsighted as it was unreasonable, and which occasioned, half a century later, the utter ruin of the royal house whose members had dared to infringe the sacred rights of their subjects.

This event was the proclamation and signing of the great "National Covenant" of Scotland, a name which inspired the hearts of its heroic, though often lowly, defenders with a zeal so fervent and a courage so dauntless, that neither open war nor pitiless persecutions could weaken their allegiance or tempt them from their chosen path.

The Covenant, written on an immense parchment, was spread out upon a tombstone, and myriads from the Tweed to the Tay and from Merse to Galloway flocked to the Greyfriars to set their signatures to the important document. Some, opening their veins, signed it with their blood; others found

room only for their initials, but all endorsed it with an enthusiasm which could have resulted only from a mighty stirring of the fountains of national feeling.

Throughout every surrounding town and village the excitement rapidly spread, until the whole country was enrolled under the Covenanting banners.

What common ideas or sentiments thus found expression, that they met with such eager and almost fierce approbation? The history of the times preceding the Covenant can alone answer this question.

The tide of the Reformation, as it rolled in upon the coast of Great Britain, soon found its way in England into political channels, and from the union of the two streams of politics and religion flowed the compromise of Episcopalianism; while in Scotland, on the other hand, the incoming tide but augmented the already rapid and swollen stream of religious feeling until, overflowing all the boundaries imposed by tyrannical sovereigns, an overbearing aristocracy and priestly rulers of the church, it burst forth in a flood which shook the very foundations of the throne itself.

The Scottish kirk, founded upon the ruins of an institution which for centuries had withstood all attacks, holding in utter detestation what it now considered the hollow ceremonial mockeries of its vanquished enemy, yet of necessity unconsciously cling-

ing to many of its superstitions, was the result of this great change.

But the religious struggle in Scotland was not to end here. No sooner had the reformers cast out from their midst the hated forms of popery, than they found in prelacy an enemy hardly less hated, and against whom they were obliged to fight single-handed.

During their long contest with their unhappy queen and the reign of her rival, Elizabeth, during the reign of James I, who made use of his accession to the English throne to harass his countrymen whose covenants he had publicly and solemnly sworn to defend, during the first part of the reign of his despotic and faithless son, Charles I, the Scottish Kirk fought, though often in the darkness of discouragement, against the insidious progress of that enemy, all of whose forms it considered the work of the Evil One himself.

When, at length, in 1638 Charles, in his headstrong pride, endeavored to force the English Church Service and the Book of Common Prayer into use in the Scottish churches, "the cloud in the north," which had been for so long slowly gathering, finally overspread the whole sky and descended in a storm of rebellion.

The outraged people rose and, as we have seen, signed as one man the great "National Covenant"

in which they swore "all the days of their lives to adhere unto and to defend the true religion, and to labor by all means lawful to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel."

In 1643 the Covenanters of Scotland and the Puritans of England united in signing a "Solemn League and Covenant," which had for its object "the extirpation of popery, prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism, profaneness and whatsoever shall be found to the contrary of sound doctrine and the power of godliness."

In England this treaty was soon forgotten, but the Scotch only clung more firmly to the document, which was consecrated in their eyes by the efforts and sacrifices made to secure it. "Religion and Liberties," "Christ's Crown and Covenant" were the rallying-cries of the Covenanters during the remaining years of the reign of the unhappy Charles and during the times of the Commonwealth, and when Charles II asked the aid of his Scottish subjects to restore him to the throne, this aid was granted only upon condition that he would sign their beloved Covenant and acknowledge at the same time his father's crimes and his own sorrow for them.

The spirit which led the Scotch to impose such restrictions upon their sovereign when he was in their power did not desert them when they were placed under his authority. Fortunate indeed it was, not only for them, but for the whole nation, that it did

not, for the reign of Charles II. and James II. were "times whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour," and had it not been for the heroic efforts which kindled anew upon the country's altars the all-but-expiring spark of national liberty, who can tell how long it might have been, before the reign of royal violence and tyranny would have ceased?

From 1660 to 1688 Scotland was the subject of persecutions so terrible, that we, in these days of religious toleration, can hardly conceive of them.

The Covenanters, opposed by the nobles and with them the mobs of the cities, deserted by their Puritan allies, who had been cowed into submissive silence, and supported by their faithful clergy only, were left to fight alone against the fearful odds of oppression which threatened to overwhelm them.

When their consciences forbade the use of the required Church Service and when four hundred of their faithful ministers had been deprived of their livings, they betook themselves to the open fields or to wild retreats among the mountains and there, in God's own tabernacle, preached the sermons and sang the songs which stayed their hearts and nerved them with fresh courage to meet their ever-increasing trials.

When driven to desperation by the cruelties of their oppressors and the outrages committed by wild bands of soldiers let loose among them, they rose and made a stand for their rights in the Pentland Hills,

only to be defeated and to bring upon themselves fiercer and more relentless persecutions than before.

A less resolute people would have sunk beneath the yoke, but once again the indomitable spirit of liberty flamed up with inextinguishable power.

Upon the heath-clad moor of Drumclog a little company was assembled for the worship of God, denied them elsewhere. In the midst of the sermon the signal-gun, warning of approaching danger, was heard. The peaceful worshipers were instantly transformed into brave and fearless warriors, ready to shed the last drop of their blood to preserve their religion and the moorland temple of their God. As Claverhouse, the royal leader, advanced with his hosts, the little Covenanting army march down the brow of the hill, singing one of their half-plaintive, half-triumphant hymns, and springing across the morass which separated the two forces, grappled hand to hand with the enemy.

In this battle the Covenanters gained a complete victory, but only three weeks later were utterly defeated at the great battle of Bothwell Bridge, which struck the death-blow at Covenanting Scotland.

Claverhouse, a man whose name cannot yet be mentioned in Scotland without surpassing energy of hatred, scoured the country, sparing neither the life nor the property of the defeated Lowlanders.

The years of 1684 and 1685 came to be known as "Killing-time," so general was the slaughter.

Now the victim was a poor Lanarkshire carrier, shot down in cold blood before the eyes of his wife and children, and again one of more elevated rank, the Duke of Argyle. Two poor women were bound to fishing-stakes, there to await the slowly-incoming tide, which should launch their souls into eternity.

The prisons were filled with martyrs for their faith, and when all the sufferings there endured proved insufficient to draw from them any recantation of their belief, tortures, as horrible as those of the Spanish Inquisition, were used to wring from them the desired admissions.

The last light of the Scottish Zion, which was extinguished in the darkness of that long night of persecutions, was James Renwick. Young, talented, gifted with wonderful eloquence and fired with lofty enthusiasm for the cause in whose behalf he had witnessed such heroic endurance, he appeared to the Covenanters as a prophet raised up by God for their deliverance. With untiring zeal, in the constant presence of danger, he worked among them until at last completely prostrated in health he was captured, and notwithstanding his youth and evident nearness to death was executed at the age of twenty-six. In the noble life and death of this standard-bearer of the Covenanters, was embodied that spirit of stern endur-

ance which proved that the lowliest sons of Scotland had in them the blood which martyrs shed and the metal of which heroes are made.

But the dawn was now near. In a few short months James was driven from the throne and the accession of William and Mary put an end to the persecutions alike of English Nonconformists and Scottish Covenanters.

Such, then, is the outward history of a movement which colored the life of nations for a century, and the effects of which are still plainly observable.

In its origin and progress we have a striking example of those great reactions of which history is full. From the sensual, luxurious, irreligious court of Charles I, there was but one step to the would-be spiritual, but really unfeeling, niggardly, fanatical Covenanters and Puritans. So true is it that extremes in all departments of life meet!

There is perhaps no people whose character inspires such equal measures of aversion and admiration as these Scottish Covenanters. Proud, narrow-minded, bigoted, cruel and intolerant, they rise before us, grim figures, whose harsh and repellent features can neither be softened nor concealed by that mantle of charity which they disdained alike for themselves and others. But their pride sustained them in the midst of misfortunes otherwise unendurable, their narrow bigotry was like a cloud, hiding from them any ray

of light from without which might have weakened their belief in themselves, while their own cruelty and intolerance perhaps made these characteristics in their enemy less appalling.

While we cannot but shudder at those opinions which aimed to destroy the finest part of our nature by substituting in its place an austerity, a hardness of heart and a hatred of mankind seldom equalled, and which degraded Deity Himself by clothing Him with attributes the farthest removed from justice and goodness, yet we cannot withhold our admiration from that glorious independence and grand moral courage with which in the face of all enemies, however powerful, they flaunted the banners of a cause so unsuccessful.

Among the steep and rocky mountains, the wild and savage glens, the sequestered valleys and the heath-covered moors of that land which pierces the northern seas, was fought the battle which emancipated a national intellect from the fetters of superstition, broke the chains of royal tyranny and bequeathed to all succeeding generations a heritage of liberty, dearer than life itself.

The stern Covenanter who, from rocky cavern or in armed conventicle, set at defiance that encroaching power which would have ruled over the consciences as well as the actions of men, thought that he was fighting only for his own narrow convictions, but we,

from the vantage-ground of intervening years, can see that liberty and despotism met in that great conflict.

The weapons of bigotry and intolerance, wielded by men who knew no commands save those of God and duty, accomplished, as none others could, the mighty work of reformation.

May we not then with truth assert, that the watch fires of the Covenanters upon the hills of Scotland were but the heralds of that approaching dawn of religious liberty, of the full radiance of whose day we of the nineteenth century are the fortunate witnesses?



## THE EPIC PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

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GEORGE A. FOSTER, '81.

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History reaches its highest dignity as a record of the unfolding of God's purposes. It unites with Nature and the Inspired Book to disclose the designs of the Creator. At the bidding of the Historic Muse, the thoughts of God in the affairs of men go trooping before our mind in magnificent procession. We are awed by their magnitude and bewildered by their variety.

An epic period of history is divine poetry, poetry conceived by the Author of all history, and written along the page of time. The epic period is usually a revolution from which some prosperous state dates the beginning of its greatness. And yet it is not simply a revolution distinguished by the extent of its material results, nor by the greatness of its events; it must be a revolution in which heroic history is adorned with the enchantments of romance. It is a period of great ideas and rare virtues, of surpassing intellects and intense passions; when the forces of ages are focalized; when Time tolls forth

another hour. It is a period in which movements that might have occupied centuries are crowded into the narrow space of years; in which old forms and old institutions are merged into new forms and new institutions, when death and birth seem blended together. It is a period when the surface of history is convulsed, is changed, and to men looking back the past appears strange; a period when God is seen in the affairs of men; when the clouds are rifted and the ravishing light of divine thought in history descends upon the minds of men. It is a period to which succeeding ages turn for inspiration and encouragement; which kindles the loftiest imaginations, touches most deeply the heart, and arouses all the poetry of the soul.

Such, I believe, must be the characteristics of a revolution to be called an epic period of history. And such are the characteristics of the American Revolution.

In the first decade of the present century, at the most magnificent and most frequented of the *salons* of Paris, amid all the classical adornments of art, this question was discussed by a company of eminent authors and artists of France: "Which of all the events of modern history is best adapted to epic poetry?" The French Revolution of course found eloquent advocates there, but it was unanimously

decided that the American War of Independence was the fittest of all.

There are three essential characteristics of an Epic Period of History, and each of these characteristics is found in an eminent degree in the American Revolution:—

First, it must be a period of *personal heroism*. In the American Revolution there was present a heroism which surpassed even that of the fabled heroes of classic antiquity. Men sacrificed all upon their country's altar and never dreamed that they were heroes. They displayed that spirit of self sacrifice in which one offers himself for many, that divine spirit in which man approaches nearest to God.

Again the American Revolution exhibits in a marked degree that *magnificence of results* which constitutes the second characteristic of an epic period of history. The thunder of its guns asserting the principles of liberty called into being a line of little republics along the shore of the western continent and determined the government of a hemisphere. It reverberated across the Atlantic and inspired drooping France to attempt her freedom. It unfettered the white wings of American commerce and sent it forward to the four corners of the earth. It disenthralled a young republic and ushered it proudly into the stately assemblage of nations.

The third and greatest characteristic of an epic period is surely conspicuous in our Revolution: *It was an age of great men.* Providence chooses fitting instruments to accomplish His ends; and, when those ends involve the freedom and independence of nations, remarkable characters appear upon the earth. They come directly endowed of heaven, or are developed by that national adversity for which they are born. The American people were now looking to that galaxy of great men to direct their course, of whom Washington shone the centre. No other such wonderful conjunction of great minds has ever appeared upon the new continent.

Here was Franklin, the incomparable representative of the colonies at the French Capital, who commanded the admiration alike of courtiers and philosophers. Tradition says that at a public session of the French Academy, Franklin and Voltaire were placed side by side in the center of a circle of the most eminent men of France, and the cry went up: "Solon and Sophocles embrace." And there was Jefferson, author of that calm, solemn, that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence; and Adams, America's "colossus in debate"; and Hamilton, whose practical logic caused him to be called the prototype of American genius; and there were Otis, and Henry, and Hancock, and Warren, whose words went to the hearts of their countrymen like flames of fire, and in

whom the spirit of ancient eloquence seemed to have again appeared upon the earth in all its original power.

America was crowded with great men. It was the embarrassment of riches. Men in whom selfishness slunk away in the presence of self-devotion; men whose courage in the presence of danger was only equaled by their reverence in the presence of God; in whom courage and modesty, indignation and forbearance were

\* \* \* "so well commingled,  
That they were not mere pipes for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she pleased." \* \* *Hamlet, III. 2.*

Success could not dazzle nor failure cloud their vision; the granite of their native hills had become a part of themselves. And from these rugged characters there bloomed the rarest flowers of virtue and patriotism.

By the side of these austere, serious men how insipid are the characters of other modern revolutionists! What was Robespierre but an iconoclast, who rose to eminence upon the bodies of his murdered countrymen? What was Cromwell but a splendid enthusiast, with a name sullied at last by vain personal ambition? What was Tallyrand but a political trickster, whose unprincipled nature seemed capable only of love of self? What was Mirabeau but a brilliant debauché, whose theories could not save

even himself from social ruin?—But the comparison is vain! We look along the venerable procession of great men who for twenty centuries have been marching down to their graves along the pathway of time, and nowhere is there a nobler company; nowhere are there grander intellects; nowhere, more lofty characters; nowhere, sublimer patriotism, than among that group of great men who brought the American War of Independence to its successful close.

Our revolution, then, must be admitted to exhibit the chief characteristics of an heroic period of history. It is an epic which is not yet chained to the harmony of verse, which awaits a Homer to materialize its subtle grandeur, to interpret its beauty and majesty. And are there not materials for the inspiration even of a Homer? In what noble verse would he describe the sublime struggle of the Sons of the Pilgrims for independence? Their faith which never faltered, their hope which knew no despair; the courage and devotion of a peasantry driven from the seclusion of their firesides, armed with instruments of husbandry, and arrayed against veterans hardened in conflicts with the trained legions of Europe. He would picture them in the impenetrable and pestilential swamps of the Carolinas; or in their dreary winter quarters at Valley Forge, with Cold and Hunger dogging their steps, and inexorable death awaiting them in the snow. Then he would picture their in-

spired orator, the Nestor of their story, the flashing eye, the determined action, the simple, grand ideas, the burning words. Again, the rhythm of his lines would change and we would seem to hear the solemn thunders of modern warfare—grander far than the gross physical might which distinguishes the ancient epic. And then, he would turn, and, as his final scene, picture his heroes at the framing of the Constitution, happy in their unexampled success, when the clouds were just disappearing and the beautiful bow of promise was heralding an enduring freedom—and his epic would be complete.

These are but fragmentary and imperfect suggestions of the epic beauties of our American Revolution; solemn and impressive beauties which the future poet will seize and transfix upon his immortal page.

Nor is there, I believe, another revolution which can be compared with ours in those qualities which go to make up a successful epic. We cannot surely compare the revolutions of the South American republics, of Cuba or Hayti, Poland or Hungary, with ours. They had not the dignity and grandeur; their interest is local and circumscribed.

And we cannot regard the French Revolution as possessing the characteristics of a true epic; that gigantic struggle between opposing vices, between license and oppression; that revolution which was

the maniac ravings of a nation gone mad; where civilization seethed and bubbled and boiled into barbarism, where a selfish and excitable people were vainly striving to wrest the sceptre from a selfish and oppressive nobility. This struggle certainly was not inspired by that pure spirit of self-devotion which we love to ascribe to a heroic period of history.

Nor can we bestow the title epic upon the first and last of the three great revolutions, by which the English people have secured their present degree of freedom; revolutions in which the liberties of the country were only saved by ignominiously tendering the crown to a foreign prince.

And neither can we place the other great English Revolution above ours in the catalogue of epics; the Puritan Revolution, the only one upon the face of England which can sustain the appellation war. We cannot place Cromwell, the founder of England's short-lived commonwealth above Washington the father of an enduring republic. Place Cromwell above Washington! Place the Puritan Revolution above ours! The men who offered up their lives at Monmouth and at Yorktown would rise in their graves in indignant protestation. The Puritan Revolution is not to be compared with ours as an heroic period of history; and nowhere is there a struggle so well adapted to heroic verse either in the picturesqueness of its circumstances or in the virtues of its men;

nowhere a struggle which so happily combines the beauty of poetry with the interest of romance.

To ensure for itself a permanent place among the epics of history, our revolution must now become the adopted epic of the people. All nations have enshrined in their affections the noble struggles of their ancestors.

We turn to the ancient Greeks and find them casting their eyes still farther into the mouldering ages of antiquity and holding in fond remembrance a contest which was the melancholy result of man's perfidy and woman's infidelity.

And Rome, too, looks back at her *Aeneas* as upon a dream of enchantment, who, though he was vacillating and faithless, was still revered as the founder of her state.

And Russia points to her Peter-the-Great, whose colossal figure forms the frontispiece of her history.

And England, even practical, phlegmatic England, has her romance history. She turns to her Alfred and claims him as the far-off father of her liberty.

But these are the epics of Kings. Free America offers a purer, a nobler theme for her epic. She does not turn to her De Soto with his romantic wanderings nor to her chivalric courtiers of Jamestown nor still to the matchless heroism of her Pilgrim Fathers. Their deeds are only of local interest. But, prompted by her national genius, the muse of America sings

the arms and virtues of the people. And, looking with grateful homage at those noble men, the pure morning stars that graced the early dawn of her freedom, she cries: "These men might have enjoyed the blessings of peace, but they offered their lives for the liberty of their children. These are my heroes, and this land of freedom the legacy of their devotion. —This shall be the theme of my epic."



## EDMUND BURKE.

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BY EMMA M. PRINDLE, '82.

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History does not disclose a greater statesman than Edmund Burke; literature does not reveal a loftier eloquence, while the man was symmetrical with the statesman and writer.

Burke comes before us against a background of memorable events. During his life occurred the American Revolution and the French Revolution. This was the period when oppression trampled the Hindoo under its ponderous hoof. In Ireland commerce was fettered and the Catholic was cut off from political privileges. England was settled in lethargy after the idle administration of Walpole, and Parliament was sunken in the corruption that followed close upon the religious fanaticism of the preceding century. The affairs of England, Ireland, France, America and India,—all the events of English history of the eighteenth century, internal, foreign, or colonial, bear the impress of Burke's hand.

Burke first steps into the arena of political contest with a speech upon the "Stamp Act." The bitter waters of political strife were then swelling into an open sea; faction and prejudice were the arbiters of

liberty; the king was supreme, the ministry subservient; and so, over-confident England harassed her colonies, scorned their requests, mocked their patriotism, till she lay bleeding at their feet, with disaster and disgrace harnessed about her neck. It was when England was on the broad road to such humiliation, that Burke appeared, denouncing the action of the ministry, and pleading for America in those memorable words, "When our children ask bread, shall we give them a stone?"

The views of Burke on American affairs were essentially the same as those of Chatham. Yet Chatham's course was the result of sympathy with the oppressed; his generous passions were stirred by the wrong done to humanity. Burke, although intensely moved by wrong, with a grave foresight saw the result and pleaded for American concessions on the ground of good policy and common sense. Chatham saw the act; Burke the consequences. Chatham thundered: "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never, never, NEVER!" till his words, borne across the ocean, found their echo in a million souls. Burke, on the other hand, reasoned with Parliament, strove to teach them wisdom ere the "light broke in" "through the yawning chasms of their ruin," ere they should be "taught wisdom by humiliation."

When we see Parliament filled with representatives who did not represent the people; when we see criminal law with inhuman cruelty administered; when we see avaricious merchants bent upon the atrocities of the slave traffic; when we see the bitter contentions of churches and sects, *then*, the few strong and stainless characters who endeavored to reform England stand out in prominence. It was then that Burke labored to quiet the contentions of the churches; was the negro's friend; breathed strength and purity into Parliament. He cries: "Let us give a faithful pledge to the people, that we honor indeed the crown, but that we belong to them; that we are their auxiliaries, and not their task-masters; fellow-laborers in the same vineyard, not lording over their rights, but helpers of their joy; that to tax them is a grievance to ourselves, but to cut off from our enjoyments to forward theirs, is the highest gratification we are capable of receiving."

When Fox was endeavoring to pass his India Bill, Burke came forward with a panegyric. He said of Fox: "He has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen." How truly—how much more truly—these words apply to Burke! For fourteen years he endeavored to expose the wrongs, the extortions, the inhuman heartlessness of English rule in India. He pleads with the

lords, "To stand as a security for virtue! To stand the refuge of afflicted nations! To stand a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!"

Ireland was then groaning under oppression and jealous contentions more bitter than those which shook and dismembered her after the conquest of Strongbow. The eighteenth century was a period when unyielding Catholicism was compelled to submit to the yoke of imperious Protestantism, till the terrible feuds between the Defenders and Orangemen filled Ireland with terror and despair. O, selfish King of England, what wretchedness you might have prevented! O, opulent Shylocks of Bristol and Manchester! ye would drain the very life-blood of Ireland that ye might increase your hoards. Happy Ireland! that in the midst of such distresses gave birth to such a man as Edmund Burke. When Burke entered the English Parliament, his highest ambition was that he might lighten the burdens of his afflicted people; and when the leaden clouds of death were closing around him, his soul was troubled with the sad vision of Ireland, still unredeemed. Two accusations, brought against Burke by his Bristol constituents, were, that against their instructions he favored free trade in Ireland, and the relief of the Roman Catholics. But Burke, while forfeiting his position, gloried that "he had pushed the principles of general jus-

tice and benevolence too far," and cried: "In pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted." The years have verified the wisdom of Burke's convictions, and his thoughts have become the common thoughts of mankind. To-day another Burke in the English Parliament, with less prescient eye, is unselfishly trying to solve the difficulties that lie at the root of the sorrows of the Irish race. Ireland is still "England's difficulty." Looking upon the beating of that tempestuous storm, we wonder what Burke would do in Gladstone's position, what his sagacity would originate.

Towards the close of Burke's life, there was in progress, just across the channel, a Revolution which, with its jostling scenes, its frantic efforts, its corruption, its cruelty, cast a direful reflection on the mind of Burke. He used every effort to stay what he called "the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this world of ours." But in Parliament he struggled alone. He turned from Parliament to the people. With breathless energy he applied himself, until he produced his eloquent but bitter "Reflections on the French Revolution." His imagination pictures kings bending their necks to a furious populace; religion displaced by atheism; vice and ignorance in the seat of council; murder in the street; desolation in the home. He sees the

queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, whom he remembered as "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy," dragged by the jeering mob to the guillotine. With the downfall of monarchy he sees the destruction of government. He looked upon a constitution as a living thing, a colossal temple builded by the experience of centuries, seasoned by the strengthening power of time. It were the basest presumption, the most ruthless cruelty, to tear it down. On, on, the battle raged, and Burke, as though France was arrayed against himself, as though the burden of England was upon his shoulders, as though to him was intrusted the care of humanity, day and night labored with his manuscript; and upon those pages were reflected his burning thoughts, his bitter passions. Was it strange that one whose thoughts were convictions, whose vision was prophetic, whose love of humanity was so intense, should see nothing but evil in the spirit that overthrew the French monarchy? Did he see the interior condition of France? The extravagance of the crown, the haughtiness of the nobles, the corrupt state of the church, the panic of the people? He did. But he feared they would shatter, not mend, the broken vessel. He saw a hidden progress in the teeth of adversity. In revolution he saw only ruin. He was filled with terror lest England, Europe, the world, should be whirled into this abyss of ruin.

Of Burke's literary productions no less can be said than that they are the most profound in thought, the most gorgeous in imagination, of English prose. The stern eloquence of Cicero, the fiery zeal of Chatham, the patriotic bursts of O'Connell, the tender pathos of Cowper, were blended with an effortless grace into perfect harmony; and the whole was lighted up with illustrations from the classics and sparkles of wit "like sunshine on the deep sea." His words were forcible, yet effortless, studied but not affected, eloquent yet practical; they were violent yet graceful, like deep sea billows that dash and beat against the opposing rocks. Other speakers of his day spoke largely for their listeners. Burke preferred chaste thought to popularity. Often the House became weary of his incessant flow of argument, and preferred to lounge under the gentle cadences of lesser speakers.

"He, too deep for his hearers,  
Still went on refining;  
And thought of convincing,  
While they thought of dining."

The character of Burke was worthy of his genius. Rare combination in a statesman! The genius of Bacon and Shakespeare makes them his peers; yet Bacon was called "the meanest of mankind," while the genius of Shakespeare was consecrated to no lofty ideal. Burke declares of himself "that he was

appointed to be a pillar of state, and not a weather-cock, exalted for his levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shifting of every fashionable gale."

The faults of Burke were such as arose from his passionate nature. Strafford calmly faced the multitude who rejoiced in his fall. The cynical Marlborough, who "wanted to be envied, not pitied," ever maintained a cool reserve. Burke, who in principle gloried in tribulation, who believed that "calumny and abuse are essential parts to triumph," yet grew irritable and gave expression to scornful invective. The shrewdness of Goldsmith exaggerates Burke's weakness in the "Retaliation:"

"Who, born for the universe,  
Narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up  
What was meant for mankind."

Burke was neither a warrior nor a politician. Pitt could encircle England with colonies, and make kingdoms tremble at his name. Pitt was progressive; Burke conservative. Pitt was decisive; Burke was cautious. Burke was never wanting for a principle; never wavered in theory; never swerved from the point in thought; but the vast, living, builded structure of government he dared not rashly touch.

But what, some one demands, did Burke accomplish? His speeches on colonial affairs did not prevent English hostilities. Though he yearned for the peace of Ireland as a mother for her child, yet he could not bring her peace. 'Twas left to the hand of Pitt to loosen the shackles of her commerce. 'Twas the bill of Wellington that finally brought Catholic emancipation. For fourteen years Burke worked in the impeachment of Warren Hastings; yet, in the end, Hastings was acquitted. Blindly the French Revolution swept on, in spite of Burke's "Reflections."

Yet who dares to measure, by these facts, what England, Ireland, America, India and France owe to Edmund Burke? The clay bears the mark of his master-hand, but others finished the statue. The pioneer cuts the path, but others make the broad roads. Burke's work was silent, and his name is not attached to his victories. He was like one casting his bread upon the waters to look for its return only after many days. He lent his inspiration to whatever constituted the progress of the era. Before the "Wealth of Nations" was written, he propounded theories in political economy which, if adopted, would have changed the whole political and industrial aspect of Europe. He brought freedom to the oppressed, and changed the timid and persecuted people of India into a peaceful and progressive

nation. He was a friend to the action which has made the names of Clarkson and Wilberforce famous. He defended insolvent debtors and intensified the inspiration of Howard. His economical reform curtailed the extravagance of royalty, diminished pensions, and suppressed bribery and borough-jobbing. He attempted to lift the weight of formalism from the Church of England, to lighten the burden of the Catholic, and to protect Dissenters against the opprobrium of the Established Church.

The influence of Burke will endure to the end of time. The wealth of his literature, the wisdom of his philosophy, can only be fully estimated when the earth shall pass away and the heavens are rolled together as a scroll.



## WILLIAM THE SILENT.

BY W. H. CRAWFORD, '84.

The last half of the sixteenth century had begun. Paul the Fourth held the keys of St. Peter. The Church was riveting still tighter bands of unquestioning obedience. The inquisitorial arm of Charles the Fifth, wearied at the forge, had given place to the younger brawn of Philip the Second. The bigot and the despot united to shackle the struggling spirit of liberty. Papal authority, grown fiendish, blood-thirsty and malicious, had charged the bishops to search out heresy. The civil arm executed the penalty. The Holy See, no longer content with the decrees of councils, armed and commissioned relentless legates to pursue virtue to its home; to tear away the veil from privacy; to establish a deadly espionage in every land. The Inquisition had little hold in England; in Sweden and Norway it enjoyed an occasional victim; but in Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands it reaped a luxuriant harvest. Three times this dread engine of destruction had crushed the Reformation in Italy; in Spain Charles the Fifth had used it to extend his authority and fill his treasury;

but in the Netherlands the Council of Blood scorched the flesh, turned the wheel and shook the rack till the ghosts of its victims and the groans of the dying startled and maddened a people to revenge. Then came the Revolution. It was a revolution of constancy, valor, desperation; a revolution baptized in blood fetched from the forest fastnesses of the Teuton and the rocky glens of the Celt. This was the first of the four great modern revolutions. The dykes and canals of Holland witnessed an uprising for liberty which furnished an example for England, for America, for France. The *leader* in the struggle was the son of ecclesiastical tyranny, the father of modern politics, the first great teacher of toleration —William the Silent.

The soil which bore this champion was a greater triumph than the walled empire. Here was the work of no single generation. Holland had been a heap of sand banks, where three great rivers deposited alluvial slime. Untiring industry had dyked out the sea, banked the rivers, and dug great canals. From the swamps and quagmires came fertile and luxurious homes. From the sea sprang orchards, vineyards and fields of waving corn. Fifteen centuries had gone. That little island, enclosed in the arms of the “two-horned Rhine,” had extended a circle inclosing seventeen provinces full of walled cities, chartered towns, villages, watch-towers, and

temples the stateliest in Christendom; a circle in which mediæval civilization had reached its height, where peace was cherished, virtue respected and philanthropy honored.

The people who had ravished the ocean for their soil and founded their own institutions were naturally independent. Their fathers had withstood Julius Caesar and taught him lessons in war. They could thread morasses or follow the cunning paths of diplomacy. They had conquered nature, and nature taught them to defend their own.

But, far away to the south, a portentous cloud rolls up; within it lurks dull thunder, and flashes the scorching bolt; that cloud is the smoke that hovers o'er the stake. Sons of Holland, are ye brave men, are ye steadfast, love ye liberty? Hither comes the test. That dark cloud shall settle down on you, heavy, black and sulphurous. Freemen, Spain is upon you! The prophetic statesman could already see fertile meadows quake beneath the tread of armed men; rich and populous cities reduced by famine, sacked and razed; nobles bowing their necks to the headsman's axe; peasants hanged at their own doors. Listen to the edict against those who read the Sermon on the Mount to their children: "Men to the sword's point, women to living graves, the rack, the flaying-knife, the stake." While Germany was unconcerned, England inefficient, and France treacherous;

while Spain advanced, crying, "St. James, fire and blood!" there stood forth one in Holland, a champion of liberty and religion, who would not down.

William the Silent was a man of destiny, eminently fitted for this crisis of the century. In him was the splendor of mediæval romance and heroic knightliness, combined with the earnest and exalting faith of a reformer. None could point to more illustrious ancestors. He belonged to the houses of Nassau and Orange. He was an ideal prince. Mark the events of his life prior to the Revolution. He had been honored in the abdication ceremony of Charles the Fifth; at the crowning of Philip the Second; he had commanded in the armies of Spain; represented the king in the treaty of Cambresis; discovered the secret plot of extirmination against the Protestants; kindled a deadly opposition to the tyranny of Philip; aroused the estates of the Netherlands to hold to the rights of their civil constitutions. Holland made no mistake when she plighted her faith to William of Orange. The tumult had ripened; the leader had come. That day in France was William's opportunity, when from the lips of Henry the Second he heard with unchanged face the doom fastened upon his country: "That accursed vermin must out." His education at the court of Charles had taught him the dread meaning of such decree. From that hour his purpose was fixed. The prince had become a

reformer. Henceforth the cause of Holland was his cause. Holland needed him. The successive administrations of Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Alva, Requisens and Don John of Austria were the history of vain coalitions and treacheries. "Life was but a battle and a siege"—intrigue, torture, inquisition! Read how men took each other by the hand and walked into the flames, while their persecutors told their beads and indulged luxurious vice; how women sang songs of triumph while the grave diggers shoveled the earth upon their living faces. Terrible reality was here. In the Council of Blood Hessels woke from drunken sleep to cry out, "Ad patibulum!" To the gallows! To the gallows! Six terrible years went by. William had lost eight armies; buried three brave brothers; witnessed the execution of Egmont and Horn, and heard the blood cries of St. Bartholemew. But the years brought the fulfillment of faith. The provinces declared their independence. The Dutch constitution, framed on the basis that "every man should remain free and unquestioned as to his religion," was the dream of William's life. The work was well done; a stout courage, backed up by a divine enthusiasm, had gotten him the victory.

Shall we measure the man by the standards of the sixteenth century? He was a soldier, matched against the greatest commanders of his age. Alva,

the ferocious and vindictive veteran of Charles the Fifth, was his first antagonist. The gaunt and sallow Duke had triumphed on many a pagan and Christian battle-field. Véhement and blood-thirsty, a fox in cunning, a tiger in temper, his patient stealth had more than once turned the tide of victory and saved the monarchy. But even Alva, everywhere else the victor, left the Netherlands a baffled man. Don John fared no better. This beautiful and fascinating son of the Emperor, the hero of Lepanto, who captured the standard of the Prophet and shook the supremacy of the Crescent as it had not been shaken since the days of the Tancreds and Plantagenets, even him the subtle brain of William outwitted and foiled. The most consummate captain could not match his cool and calculating genius. Mighty armies were driven back by his wonderful power of combination. He had ears for the stealthiest tread of hostile feet; he had eyes for every ruined tower and unwalled hamlet that he could defend. Before every danger stood William and his stout burghers—a wall of defense for every home in the Netherlands. He swept the ocean, and found there his treasury. He relieved Harlem; captured Flushing; stormed Brill. But Spain pressed hard; Alkmaar is fallen; overwhelming armies are massed about Leyden. Should Leyden fall, Holland is lost. Leyden shall not fall. Holland back to ocean waste,

rather! William of Orange commands: "Back, oh land of our fathers; back, ye green fields and happy meadows; back, ye stately temples, and sacred shrines; Ocean, take back thy fair daughter; her sons will have liberty or death; *break down the dykes.*" The order is executed. The North Sea, bearing two hundred vessels of relief, piles furiously over the broken dykes. The fleet, the Spaniards, starving Leyden! Night fell, black and uncertain; but with the dawn of morning those anxious watches in Hengist saw the waving cap on the Spanish fort that told the story of the night. The Spaniards are gone! Leyden is saved! Holland is saved!

As a statesman William was considered, even by his enemies, one of the ablest of the age. Granville, penetrating the character of his rival, said to Philip, "'Tis a man of profound genius, vast ambition, dangerous, acute, politic." Cautious, subtle and adroit, gifted with an even temper, and a superhuman restraint, William was a model diplomatist. No crisis ever took him unprepared. He read the consequences of events and the motives of men with singular penetration. He heard the secret whispers of the Spanish court and the words of the king in his bed-chamber. He met finesse with finesse; intrigue with intrigue: the mines dug by the Cardinal and the Prince of Eboli were countermined by William. The Prince of Austria came as the messenger

of peace. William, seeing through the hollow pretenses and knowing that Philip desired peace only that he might prepare for war, taught the prince by his masterly inactivity that he was caught in the toils of a more expert fowler. Austria mourned her dead prince, while his serene and inexorable foe went on to complete his work.

Alva was gone; Granville was gone; Alexander of Parma was gone; William was more powerful than ever. Ah! there was a man within the man. He ceased to be a subject of Philip and the Pope; he became a rebel and a Protestant. He stalked forth from the sepulchres of ban, book and candle to league himself with the Reformation. In this he towers above the greatest of his contemporaries. He alone understands the principles of the Reformation. To him it is something more than a whitewashing of monasteries, or a closing of indulgence chests. When Protestant ceased to be persecuted, he began to persecute; but William asserted the broader ideas of individual responsibility, political liberty, religious freedom. He never doubted the ultimate success of his cause. Seeing the end from the beginning, he was more constant than his people. The famine-fed citizens of Alkmaar discovered the secret of such constancy in his reply to their complaint: "You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer, that before I

ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings."

The friends of Warren Hastings wrote beneath the picture of the great pro-consul in the council-chamber at Calcutta, "*Mens æqua in arduis.*" The lovers of freedom have written for William the Silent: Patriotism, liberty, toleration. You may read it in the senate chambers and temples of Holland, in her privileges and civil rights, in her Declaration and Constitution. He had founded an asylum for the oppressed. Thither fled from their persecutions the Covenanters of Scotland, the Non Conformists of England, and the Hugenots of France. A new era in political history had begun—an era in which England hurried on towards liberty and her Protestant succession. But the results of the Revolution were wider. America received not less than Holland herself. Had Spain triumphed, it would have involved the exclusion of all Northern Europe from our shores. There would have come the Portuguese, the Italian, the labor-hating Spaniard, the Jesuit monk and the inquisition. But the Revolution of Holland checked forever the westward march of imperialism and despotic institutions. There came the German, the Hugenot and the industrious Anglo-Saxon, free institutions and the Protestant religion—*patriotism, liberty, toleration.*

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## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THE REPRESENTATIVE.

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BY GERHART C. MARS, '85.

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Patriarchs had become kings and feudalism had been resolved into monarchy when the divine principle of individual freedom, so long confined in dungeons, began to assert itself in the Renaissance and Reformation. It struggled out from beneath Tudor oppression, arising as an avenger smote down Bourbon tyranny, defied the vice-gerent of God, and, clad in the vestures of power and peace, kindled an unquenchable flame on a new altar reared on the virgin soil of the western continent.

No political event in human advancement is more significant than the establishment of the American republic. Free from king and caste, filled with thoughts of future greatness, fired with a zeal for humanity, the conscript fathers wrought the opinions and experiences of the past into a broad and solid foundation whereon were to be built a refuge and a temple for universal man.

The republics of antiquity based civil freedom on the state, and made man its slave; the statesmen of

the thirteen colonies based civil freedom on the individual, and constructed the state for him. They believed that man was more than government and individuality more than national greatness—not in the compounded mass, but in the personal unit, is the microcosm of the universe. This thought came with the Puritans and Huguenots; it was the life-giving principle of Revolutionary times and the Constitutional Convention, and had its best expression in the Declaration of Independence.

As a principle of action it found perfect embodiment in the life of John Quincy Adams, animating and inspiring him through more than half a century of eminent public services. It commanded for him the respect of aristocratic foreign courts; it enabled him, as Senator, as Minister of State, as President, but most of all as Representative, to teach the American people the true genius of their institutions, obedience to the state and personal independence.

True to his own teaching, although he had filled the eye of two continents with his fame, although arrived at that age when most men seek repose, he laid aside all exemptions from precedent, forgot personal comfort, stripped himself of magisterial robes, stepped down to the comparatively humble level of a Representative, and presented to the eyes of the world the spectacle of a man who believed duty was

above title and the approval of God more than selfish ease.

Besides a scrupulous regard for the humblest calls of his country, he constantly maintained his own personality. Throughout his entire career he waged a constant opposition against mandatory instruction to the representative and against party rule — those political evils which necessarily threaten republican states. Cesare Borgia and Cosmo de Medici are not the only tyrants. Excesses may grow out of freedom itself, subversive of its great ends. When flushed with youthful ambition, Mr. Adams resigned his seat in the Senate rather than submit to the merchant princes of Boston. While he sacrificed his pleasures, his satisfactions, gave his unremitting attention and yielded his interests to his constituents, he held his mature judgment and his enlightened conscience as a trust from Providence which he ought not to sacrifice to any man or to any set of men living. On entering Congress in 1831 his first utterance was an uncompromising protest against all party affiliations, subserviency to which he justly considered a crime. He never cared whether a measure would benefit some political organization ; his only question was, " Will it benefit the whole country ? " and, had our politicians possessed but a tithe of his independence, many a page of stupidity,

as well as finesse, would be blotted from our legislative records.

Nothing, however, so well shows the conscience and spirit of the man as his relation to the slavery question. Few there are who can interpret their own times and, with the lamp of experience, push out alone in advance of their fellow men. Among these few Mr. Adams takes a conspicuous rank. He saw that the thin end of the wedge of slavery had entered the Union, that nullification was recovering from the temporary curse of Jackson, that the slave-demoniac was stretching out its greedy hands toward the republic of Texas, that twelve hundred millions of human capital at the South spoke in a hundred obedient voices in the national House, that a Northern administration paid the tribute of obsequious subserviency to the slave barons; while the compass of American traffic, untrue to its North Star, recreant, turned to the Southern Cross. He saw too the weak inconsistency of a Democracy holding slaves and of human servitude on the free soil of America, when the supreme Pontiff of Rome had abjured it, when the absolute monarchs of Russia and Austria had trampled it in the dust, when the Mohammedan despot of Tunis had abolished it with execration and when England had made it a crime; and, however secure this "peculiar institution" might seem in America—although it was deeply rooted in the cult

of the people, intrenched behind the strong bulwarks of the constitution, sanctioned even by the precepts of religion itself, he saw with prophetic eye, and declared with a prophet's tongue, its inevitable and utter destruction. This sublime man, already beyond the limits of allotted time, with the vigor of youth and with apostolic fervor, gathered his last remaining powers and girded his dauntless soul for the final struggle. Like the old Hebrew chieftain who commanded the sun to stand still until he took vengeance on the enemies of God—the patriot chief bade the sun of his existence to pause in its course until he completed his conquest—then to close its protracted decline in unexampled splendor.

The slavocrats, in the protection of their interests, illustrated the maxim, "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad." So sensitive had they become on the subject of their crime, and so frequently had Mr. Adams by his presentation of abolition petitions aroused their conscious guilt that, by the aid of numerous Northern supporters, they got engrossed among the rules of the House the famous "gag-resolution," to the effect, that all petitions or papers relating in any way to slavery, should, without further action, be laid on the table. This nation had "waded far into the shades of an eclipse" when the ear of mercy was closed to the supplications of wretchedness and woe. But the darkness

was not total, some beams of her former glory still played upon the surface when that incorruptible man from the North demanded in the name of the Constitution and of the American people that the inhuman decree be revoked. At the beginning of each Congress, amid a tempest of scorn and derision, he never failed to make the same imperious demand—and succeeded in erasing the disgraceful blot.

If the annexation of Texas was to prove the “Nes-sus robe of the Democracy,” the gag-rule was its halter. Intended to suppress all discussion in Congress on the black crime, Mr. Adams by consummate tact and boldness seized and employed it to produce the very opposite result. He continued in the face of increasing hostility and bitterness, and against an unscrupulous opposition, stung to exasperation by his pertinacity, to present these interdicted petitions, until he had provoked his opponents to gross absurdity or led them into miserable defeat. Two memorable conflicts of so much importance to the Union have become a part of our national history.

On the 7th day of February 1837, Mr. Adams arose and asked the Speaker if a petition, which he held in his hand, purporting to be from slaves, came under the rule of the House. A petition from slaves was so unheard of in Congressional annals that the Southern members in their surprise and consternation lost their reason and became involved in an angry

and shameless debate. They demanded that the honorable gentleman, for attempting to present a petition from slaves, be expelled or, like a culprit, dragged to the bar of the House and publicly condemned. Resolution after resolution was offered, committing John Quincy Adams—the patriot, the statesman who had rendered his country such illustrious service—committing John Quincy Adams to condign punishment. For three days the storm raged with unabated fury about that reverend form. What a sublime sight was there! An old man, burdened with years, turning aside from the repose age so much needed; unmindful of the elevated station he had filled; overwhelmed with abuse and vituperation; threatened with grand juries, with expulsion, with assassination—standing unmoved, to ask in the councils of state the inalienable right of petition for the helpless and the debased,

“Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho’ round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

He held up his persecutors to ridicule, refuted their statements, tore their sophistry to shreds, read to them a lesson in parliamentary usage, flung back their threats with scorn and taught them there was fire still blazing in the old and shattered frame.

But the lesson, gained at so great a cost, seemed

inadequate to teach the infatuated slavocracy that it had met its Wellington in the invincible champion from Massachusetts. Five years afterwards the minions of slavery set upon him again. It was the occasion of his presenting the petition from Haverhill asking Congress to peacefully dissolve the Union. He moved that the petition be referred to a special committee, and that the prayer be not granted. The hour had come—fortunate and opportune, when this obnoxious man and his still more obnoxious principles were to meet their merited doom. Fearing the former blunder of too great haste, the enemies of Mr. Adams determined to move, this time, with more deliberation, and intrusted their cause to Marshall and Wise, by far the brightest intellects among the members from the South. The pompous resolutions, charging Mr. Adams with high crimes and misdemeanors; with stirring up fratricidal war and treason, were introduced, and read with the ominous tone of a judge pronouncing final sentence upon the criminal at the bar. For six inglorious weeks the House was turned into a pandemonium of furious men who respected neither gray hairs nor exalted integrity of character. The slave-holders, with mingled fear and hatred, poured out their little phials of wrath upon him; Northern men, with irony—Northern men plead for him on the ground of mental weakness or decrepitude; while Marshall and Wise exhausted their co-

pious vernacular in weaving epithets strong enough to express their loathing and abhorrence of the arch-traitor. It was a trying moment for the old patriot; his trembling body could scarce endure the strain, but his unsurpassed knowledge, his commanding abilities and his unconquerable spirit made him more than a match for the whole House. As the time for his defence drew near, he wrote in his journal, "May God preserve me from the craven spirit of shirking from duty! let me pursue the path of rectitude unmoved and put my trust in God" \* \* \* "But what can I—upon the verge of my seventy-fifth year, with a shaking hand, a darkening eye, a drowsy brain and with all my faculties dropping from me one by one—what can I do for the cause of God and man, for the progress of human emancipation and for the suppression of slavery? Yet my conscience presses me on; let me but die on the breach!"

And there he stood; alone in his severe independence and in the unapproachable purity of his character, not to defend himself, but as a messenger from God, to lift the curtain and expose the dark and revolting scenes of human bondage.

The superior of his opponents in the authority of rank, of ability and of merit; crowned with the glory of his hoary locks; firmly planted on a moral principle, he drove them cowering and abject from his presence, with the bolts of his just wrath. Accus-

tomed to domineer in their Southern homes, the slave barons had come to the national councils to command and to scourge the old man into silence; they thought to yoke the north wind and whip the tumultuous waves of Massachusetts Bay into submission; but, seizing the terrible rod of his incisive logic and merciless sarcasm, "the old man eloquent" laid it upon their unprotected backs until, from the dust, the black plumes of Southern Chivalry cried, Hold, enough! This victory was great and decisive in American legislation—and without blood—a victory which John Quincy Adams alone did and which he alone could win; a victory which wrested forever the right of free discussion in free America from a powerful and aggressive tyranny.

But that splendid orb which had risen in the darkness of his country's tribulation and had for so long illumined the heavens with his brilliant light was now filling the occident skies with his departing glory. The "grim old combatant," of a hundred victories, lay dying; inexorable death had "clove down his victim" in the midst of the councils of a great people. On the very spot of his renown; beneath the dome that had re-echoed with the applause of listening senates; in the fullness of age; at his post—leaving behind him the example of a public and private life spotless, John Quincy Adams, a benefactor of the race, an ornament to human nature,

the patriot father, the patriot sage, the Christian statesman, fell, exclaiming, "This is the last of earth—I am content;" and, "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him, lay down to pleasant dreams."



## THE VICTORIAN AGE.

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BY EDWIN A. SCHELL, '86.

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Turn up the bright light of the Nineteenth Century. See France staggering under her tremendous defeat at Waterloo. Francis, Frederick and Alexander have formed the holy alliance. Watch them as they complacently put back the dial hand of progress to the historic hour at which it pointed when the Bastile fell. Hold the light high enough to show the outlines of the young republic across the Atlantic, and then look long at England, "like a precious gem set in the silver sea." She dominates the Southern hemisphere; she circles the globe with her fleets, and with America she holds the sovereign voice in the coming fortunes of mankind.

"William IV. lies dead in Windsor Castle;" personal government among the Anglo-Saxon nations ends with him. The reform bill has dethroned the aristocracy; science and democracy have come together: a new age begins—the age of the people. Long live the Queen! she shall redeem England from the evil fame of the house of Hanover. Had she not been born a queen, she would have been a gentlewoman;

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life," her womanhood is higher than her queenhood, and she shall name the age.

England stood in the world's market place, caring only to make wares for the world to buy. An England of brick lanes and chimneys, sounding with the roar of engines and the din of factory bells: the whole land was full of dreary, soulless, mechanical toil; one-half the population in sight of the workhouse; mile upon mile of squalid corporation houses; each tenement like its neighbor, a dirty street in front, a dirty yard behind and a public house on every corner. Here, with no sight of green fields, the blue heavens themselves blackened with soot, children were growing to be men and women. The laborer's hands were not his own; his feet moved when his master spoke; toil was his only lesson, death his sure reward. The land was monopolized by those who governed. The harvests of nature's sun and rain were garnered for the rich, and there was only starvation for those whose sweat enriched the soil. There was an Established Church; an hereditary House of Lords; there was London, a great military camp, and starving Ireland, stretching her fleshless hands across the Channel. Here were vast masses of unproductive wealth; here the crowded ranks of the suffering, the hungry, the degraded, for whom no sympathetic legislation had ever been

undertaken. Those mountains of selfish pride and prejudice must be brought low; these valleys of wretchedness exalted. English society must be reconstructed; this was the problem of the Victorian age.

The factors which enter into this problem are varied and unique. The solution can come from the application of no single remedial agency. To work out the result moral, scientific and democratic elements combine.

No preceding age has been dominated by moral ideas so grand and so beneficent. Clarkson and Wilberforce gave a new dignity to human life. Ashley went down into the collieries, brought up the stunted, pallid children; took them from factory alleys and asphaltum pavements; put them in great play-grounds where the free air of heaven brought color to their cheeks. Dickens with his Oliver Twist turned out the old poor-house and lighted up the new one with the sun of human charity. Cobden's Anti-Corn-Law League broke down the barriers of prejudice and opened the commercial gateways of the world. Bright and Gladstone declared that the nation should be a nation of free-holders, leading wholesome, happy lives in their own fields and by their own firesides. These are the landmarks of Victorian moral progress, a progress where pauperism, ignorance and crime decrease,

where education, honesty and justice increase, where great social problems are discussed in a reverent spirit and in which devout feelings give nobler views of human destiny.

Science, too, was an indispensable factor. The stage coach, the wooden ship and the distaff are the relics of an era that is ended. The genius of this age is different: science sought out hidden forces and laid bare the spring of nature's mechanism; out of the clouds came a messenger; the steam boiler and the firm blade of the screw became stronger than the elements; horses of fire were yoked to swift sea and land chariots. Science let in broad daylight on the shame and wasting influences of English society, brought to England's rulers the thought of the freer Englishmen beyond the sea, and arraigned her abuses before the judgment tribunal of the race. Rapid communication established ties of relationship, made all states a part of one great system; ignorance and prejudice wore away by friendly intercourse. Human society became a unit and England learned to think the thought and hope the hope of all mankind.

The third rugged power of the age is democracy. Aristocracy of birth is dead. It had its part in the development of society, but now, like a withered bough, hangs lifeless on the tree of human government. Many a weary winter it has creaked there in

the storm, and many a summer it has swung unsightly amid the shapely branches, fastened to the living fiber and yet dead. Democracy was inspired by the Nazarene. His humility joined Him to the poor. The dumb, toiling millions that He inspired are conscious of courage and nobleness. And yet this huge democracy preaches an ominous gospel. Its words are not always the wisest, but its restless, convulsive energy is not altogether foolish. The blood of all races is in it. Cromwell and Napoleon are its terrible prophets. Valiant and victorious, it has stepped from the creeping centuries and now looks out upon us everywhere. Reform bills, anti-corn laws and education are its peaceful footsteps, revolutions are its mighty strides. It laughs at divine right, sneers at pretension, cries, Away with the pride of blood and place ! inscribes upon its banner, Liberty of conscience, freedom of opportunity, equality before the law.

These are the forces of the Victorian age; expressed in its legislation, breathing through its philanthropy and enunciated by its great, liberal leaders.

The Victorian parliaments have declared the spirit of the age. The Commons have revived the principles of the Commonwealth, have encouraged men, by wise laws, to become healthy in body, strong in limb, true in word and deed. Corn laws, poor laws, land laws have driven famine from the door of the

poor; factory acts, health acts, emancipation acts, have removed disgraces which ignorance and selfishness had heaped upon a suffering land; education bills, bribery bills, reform bills, have enriched the story of "abolished wrongs." Hear Carlyle's bitter indignation: "Two millions in the workhouse; five millions rejoicing in potatoes." These words dropped into the silent English heart have widened the range of practical politics; questions before unasked are now the themes of popular debate. The Established Church can crumble without offense, the House of Lords adjourn forever, pensions and overgrown salaries can be stricken from the roll, and the roll burned, the army disbanded, even the crown itself may rest on the brow of a commoner—this is the age of democracy.

The noblest record of any age is its philanthropy. Rapid creation of values is not the test; art and literature give beauty and dignity, conquests add a martial splendor, but that age is supreme that writes the decalogue above its chancel, and above the decalogue the new commandment. This is the age in which practical philanthropy finds most generous expression. Like some mighty incoming tide that swells in every nook and inlet of the ocean shore and in its landward surge beats down the artificial barriers that oppose its progress, so the majestic law of human brotherhood, with gathering strength, is

beating down the artificial walls of selfish privilege and distinction and breaking in beneficence at the feet of every man. Tory leaders may have at times created imperial ambition, flogged negroes, blown Hindoos from the cannon's mouth, forced China to eat opium, launched Alabamas in support of slavery, but liberal England, the frank, free, generous England of Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, moves forward like a flame-crowned host. Majesty lays aside its robes to carry warmth and food to hungry men and women. Gentle ladies hush the sabbings of heavily-laden hearts. The great prime minister goes every Sunday to teach a mission class in a London alley. The dark, bloody fields of Alma and Inkermann catch the soft music of Florence Nightingale. The red cross of Geneva floats in every military camp. The spirit of nobler manhood is abroad, in India, in Ireland, by the Nile and the Danube. The great poet of the Victorian age is singing,

“Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.”

Again, this grand philanthropy has planned to abolish war. The Victorian age is gilded with the day-spring of peace. The two great Anglo-Saxon peoples have caught the spirit of Him who shall yet judge among the nations, and have sat down in ar-

bitration at Geneva. Henceforth they are the twin evangelists of the Prince of Peace. All nations shall claim their rights and have their dues, but not by war. The bands and wheels of national intercourse shall run smoothly, adjusted by the great balance-wheel of Christianity. On the old Jewish temple there was no sound of axe or hammer heard, still less shall there be the noise of war under the tabernacle this age spreads over a regenerated earth.

How splendid the procession fast marching to the portrait chamber of the age ! What a galaxy of greatness we shall hang upon its walls ! Philanthropists, philosophers, scientists, poets, orators and statesmen. Cobden, O'Connell and Bright ; Spencer, Huxley, Wheatstone and Faraday ; Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson ; Peel, Russel and Palmerston ; Grote and Macaulay ; Livingstone and his explorations ; Mill and his economy ; Darwin and Evolution ; Carlyle and his clarion prophecies. And then, in the place of honor, put the uncrowned prince. Gladstone has made the age illustrious by his presence. Far-off nations love him. He is the unarmed soldier of democracy and has rallied the generous sons of England to his standard. He keeps the watch-tower of the century, and "bids the coming generations hail !" He is like the stars that shine in the canopy of all the centuries, time cannot dim his brilliance. He shall not wax old.

England has gathered her children about her feet. They are no longer slaves, but free men. Their hard hands are softened with hope, their weather-beaten faces lighted with intelligence. They breathe the possibility of happy homes and send back the currents of fresher life into her loaded veins. They have streamed away to other lands and hold the fairest spots on earth. The old Norse sea-kings and the fair-skinned Celt renew their youth in the South Continent; grow into strong nations, hardened by the sun of New Zealand and the frosts of Canada. England is no longer an island, but an empire with the ocean for her bond of union and ships the symbol of her strength.

The curtain is falling on an act in the drama of ages. Fifty years ago Russia was a huge land animal looking toward the south, the Turk dozed heavily in his bazar, Livingstone was pushing into the jungles of South Africa, Italy was dead, France waited for Napoleon, Germany was a league of petty sovereignties, and in England the Victorian age had just begun. What a dramatic conclusion to this great scene! Russia in grim silence has drilled her barbarous hordes from Poland to Kam-schatka. The Turk has turned cotton spinner. A new state stretches along the Congo. Victor Immanuel like a Cæsar sleeps under the open dome of the Pantheon and Italy lives again. Napoleon

withered at Sedan. Bismarck is the arrogant, hated master of Continental Europe. The Anglo-Saxon—what of him? He rules in America and Australia, in India and Africa; gives his law and his religion to the globe. The path of the ages is fresh with the dews of the morning. The noble structure of our common language shall tell no tale but that of banished wrong; no sovereign but humanity.



## THE MISSION OF THE PRESS.

EDWIN L. SHUMAN, '87.

The scepter that rules mankind—who holds it? For ages brute strength gripped it in its teeth. But the strong, white arm of Religion wrested it away. Kings came. All nations bowed under a more-than-Russian despotism. Illiterate centuries rolled over the earth like fogs. But from those clouds behold a great shining hand thrust forth. See! See how it snatches away the scepter from mitred pope and crowned czar. There are giants in these days—giants greater than Hercules or Goliath of Gath. Strongest among the strong are two modern Titans—Confined Steam and Free Thought. Steam power is mighty. Brain power alone is mightier. Yoke the two together, and you move the world. Yoke the two together, and you have the steam press.

In yonder city by the lake, under to-night's darkness, a very miracle is working. Quick brains, nimble fingers, the electric spark, powerful machinery—all are combining to write the history of to-day—a volume in a night! Each letter will be beautifully engraved in metal and copied ten thousand times

before the sun shall have regilded the mast-heads in yonder harbor.

Wonderful the press is and ever will be. Mightier it is than a whole race of giants. But good—is it good? Daily papers and weekly magazines, dime novels and dollar books—put all its parts together, and can the press be called a benefactor?

Think of the columns of unwholesome gossip it pours fourth every hour. Think how full it is of crude, undigested thoughts—words “without form and void.” Think of these volumes written in a single night or day; are they not mushrooms? Do they not lack that strong fiber which builds history? Think how glibly the printing-press tells abroad all crimes and evil—how it instructs the young in robbery and murder—how it teaches base thoughts to grow into base deeds. Think of the red-backed, red-minded books that lure, siren-like, from the cheap shop window. Is not such literature a muck heap, where wicked men may sow wicked thoughts—thoughts whose ripened fruits are black with the poison that kills souls?

And the daily press—does it not invade the privacy of the home and drag forth into the heartless gaze of the world the tenderest secrets of the sin-sick or the broken heart? Think on these things and say whether the steam press is not indeed an “iron” press. Think, too, how it has overturned govern-

ments, mocked religion, shaken men's faith in God and man. Think how it acquaints the soul with a thousand new griefs—a thousand new temptations. Think how it pours into the delicate vial of each single human heart the sorrow and sin and agony of the world. Think, and say whether we may not impeach the press in the name of human welfare and happiness—whether we may not pass upon it sentence of condemnation, and call its name *anathema maranatha!*

But, hold ! History tells us our remote ancestors were a horde of robbers, whose highest ambition was to find a Rome to sack. What has raised our aims? What voices have been calling through the centuries, "Look up ! Look up !" Our forefathers were vassals and serfs, bound as chattels to the land. Why are we not slaves? Who snatched the stolen power from kings? Who tore away the clouds that hid the star of liberty—dear, loving eye—that looks down upon us from the free blue? Why is there a glad laugh in our hearts and a glad smile on our lips as we tell each other, "God is good?" It was not always so. Peer into the frightening gloom of the Dark Ages. See human thought lying motionless—a corpse ! That heavy pall over it is ignorance. What angel lifted that pall, and breathed a soul into that clay? What has killed the blight of superstition that cursed, even where the sweet dew

of Christianity had blest? Whence this great light, that sends the ghoul, Witchcraft, slinking to its cave, and dazzles the night-birds of religious persecution so that they never flap their pestilential wings nor croak? Why has the weed, intolerance, wilted, and the flower, love, budded and almost bloomed? What echoed the swelling hiss of Christendom against slavery, until it died for very shame? What, if not the press? These and a thousand more blessings it has cherished and fondled and battled for and suffered for, that it might lay them all at our feet.

Invent the printing-press, and democracy is inevitable. Kings may burn books and scatter their ashes to the winds; they are only sowing a myriad seeds to bring forth myriad-fold. The tyrant may stamp upon the fire of freedom kindled about his iron feet; the press will only blow the living sparks up into his face to burn the fiercer. Mind moves rocks and seas; but the press sways the world of thought itself. Guteuberg has found the fulcrum that Archimedes sought, and strong minds are moving the world up into clearer light.

Each bit of rag paper, with its ink-spots, is a rift in the leaden cloud of matter—through which we may look up into the heavenly world of mind, and see there the glowing sun of thought, whose rays have life in their touch. One by one the press is

making new rifts in those clouds. Little by little it is letting through those mystic rays, and before them the exhalations of primeval ignorance that once shrouded the very mountain-tops of humanity are vanishing like sun-chased mists, and even the dark valleys and gloomy gorges of the human world are awakening and singing in the warmth of that glorious dawn.

The new—we all love it. The hope for some new thing is the pillar of fire leading us through the wilderness of time. The newspaper—the paper full of new things—should be manna for our mental hunger. But shall the press tell everything men say or do? God forbid! Too much in man's heart is desperately wicked. Shall it then ignore crime and degradation? Ah no! The newspaper that ceased to tell of human faults and evil would be a sealed page—a closed book. The secular paper has a work—a sacred mission; but it must speak to the people in their own tongue. Its pictures must be lifelike, or they will hang with their faces to the wall. A likeness without a shadow is no likeness. The press is a mirror, in which humanity sees its own image, and the blenishes reflected there will not out by breaking the glass. Make *men* perfect to-night, and the newspaper will be perfect tomorrow. But no cloistered, Utopian press for the people of to-day! They'll none of it

The way to raise men's eyes from evil is not to close one's own, but to throw upon vice the glare of its own horrid light—not to paint only virtue, but to paint in its beauty all there is. Like Wordsworth's ideal woman, the press should be

"—not too high nor good  
For human nature's daily food,  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

But shame upon those false pens that "make the worse appear the better reason!" Shame upon those false artists who throw the high lights upon the darkest deeds, and use virtue only for a background! Out upon those soulless sheets that sneer at honor and purity—that treat crime as a peep-show and blasphemy as a joke! Is there no everlasting truth? Is there no fierce death-grapple between might and right? No red flag of anarchy to furl forever? Who, if not the press, shall beat back Ignorance, with her bats and owls? Who break the racks and gibbets of unjust power? Who give the lie to those who see the world bloodshot through passion's eyes, or jaundiced through the yellow goggles of agnosticism?

Here are the mission-fields of the press, and here, thank God! it is at work. Each day it carries some of the precious food of Christianity to earth's uttermost flocks; each day its ministering leaves a few

less folds where the "hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Its warning words are teaching men not to waste their lives and burn out their souls with alcoholic flame. It is sweetening domestic life—making home brighter and dearer. Wherever it has trod the sun shines brighter—the grass grows greener. It is purifying the atmosphere all through the body-politic, and is calling for true hearts and clean hands in high places. It is teaching justice and mercy and temperance. Its voice is sweet in men's ears, for it tells of new and better things; its footstep is welcome, for the burdens it bears are glad tidings, and the gifts it scatters are life and light.

Railroad and telegraph have made the printed page a mighty Ear of Dionysius—a whispering-gallery where may be heard all the noise and music of the world. But the press has more to do than passively to echo the clanking of wheels and spindles or the voices of politicians and parties. It is more than an echo. It is a voice. It can speak words of comfort—words of healing to the nations. It can and does sound bugle notes of courage, and lead the van while it calls to holy war. It thrusts its own keen blade through the heart of false philosophy, and, crashing through the barred doors of prejudice and ignorance, calls slumbering truth to arms, till all around thought strikes on thought like steel on steel!

The press has messages, too, which must out, whether men will hear or no. What true American pulse that does not thrill at the name of Lovejoy, who dared, fifty years ago, to print the words "negro" and "liberty" on the same page? He knew the mission of the press, and told it forth with voice which only the dastard bullets of a mob could silence. Lovejoy they could kill, but the truth they could not kill. The rifles whose rank smoke stifled the press in Alton, shot their fire, unawares, across the continent, and relighted the dear old torch of freedom—the torch that Wendell Phillips caught up that very day in Faneuil Hall and laid not down until a thousand more had been kindled—no, not until the stain upon our country's scutcheon was burnt and purged away.

O mighty press—hand that can run the gamut of the soul—shall the world have empty noise, or seraph music? O strong Jove of the nineteenth century, shall thy lightning scorch the precious wheat, or shall it blast the rank tares? There is work to do! Shall vice and greed stalk over the land, devouring souls, and none to say them nay? Ah! the responsibilities of the pen have become greater than those of the throttle-valve on the flying train, or the helm on the swift ship. The engineer or the sea-pilot holds in his hands hundreds of lives. But the writer holds the eternal welfare of a hundred train-

loads—a mighty fleet—of doubting, hoping souls. Even when he is in his grave his words are speeding afar. He can carry onward to joy or hurry down to despair. Hundred-fold greater his responsibility, hundred-fold heavier the curse that will light on his head, if he is driving his trust on to wreck ! God grant that the helmsmen holding this fearful power on the ship of thought may turn its bow full and fair toward the great light—the Beacon on the eternal shore ! God grant that they may know in their hearts and shout above earth's loudest tempests that there is an Anchor to that cable of hope which every yearning soul drops out into the great deep of the hereafter !



## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY EDMUND C. QUÉREAU, '88.

God hews for his temple of liberty in the quarries of every age and in the forests of every land. The material He chooses is gathered often from strange mountains and in hidden valleys. Now He takes a Cromwell, like some gigantic cedar, whose huge trunk, bound to a beetling crag, invites the lightning and wrestles with the storm. Now he finds a Luther, like a living oak that grows upward from a pestilential valley and lifts its leafy head to kiss the clouds and catch the dews of heaven. Again He claims a Milton, singing his divine song of freedom, as though the very breath of heaven were breathing through his measures. All are parts of one imposing structure, that magnificent temple of human liberty which God is building out of history.

It is not out of harmony with the methods of the Master Builder, that the grandest addition to this structure should have been the product of a land, distant, obscure and unpromising. Such was American liberty. In a new world, far from the tyranny

of creeds and the despotism of kings, in a land which God had hidden for six thousand years—there, in a quiet, Quaker city—in quaint, old Independence Hall, when colonial liberty, blighted by the withering breath of English tyranny, had died, American liberty drew its first, sweet inspiration.

It was indeed a humble scene,—a plain room, an undistinguished company of fifty, a table, parchment,—that was all. And yet, viewed in the light of far-reaching history, we see the despised men of that hour, humble instruments in God's hands—the parchment on the table linked by an unbroken chain of cause and effect to a prescient past and a glorious future. The significance of that scene is centered in the parchment on the table—the Declaration of Independence.

It is a plain paper. It sets forth in simple, exact language the grievances and rights of the colonists. But simple and plain as it is, it has in it, fresh from the pen of Jefferson, the majesty of centuries. It is already old, for it speaks the lesson of two thousand years, and about it shines as a halo the light of a spirit of freedom that is not new.

Its voice is the same voice that echoed the fainter morning notes of liberty among the sunny isles of ancient Greece, that mingled again with the martial strains of early Rome. Its light is the same light of freedom that flashed in broken gleams through the

darkness of the middle ages, from the sword of a Charlemagne and a Charles Martel, glittered in the forest fastnesses of Germany and behind the dykes of Holland, and at last shone, the Swiss Republic—a star of glory—in the bosom of the Alps.

But nearer and more precious was the priceless inheritance of English freedom. The Declaration is only another revolt of English freedom against English oppression,—only another Magna Charta, another Bill of Rights. It takes virtue from every English field where liberty has raised her white banner in defence of a freer humanity, from every scaffold hallowed by a martyr's blood. It echoes the voices of Raleigh, Sidney, Russell, Milton, Fox. Heroic Hampden has died upon the field in the cause of freedom; his sacrifice bears fruit at last in Independence Hall. Sir John Eliot has perished in the Tower, a martyr of free speech; but the prayer of his sealed lips, borne now on the hearts of three million Americans, finds answer in the Declaration.

Such was the incalculable influence of the past. The Declaration was heir to all these achievements of liberty. But it was something immeasurably above and beyond them. It had a personality and an individuality. It was vital with a new life—a life received from the American colonists.

The morning sun of the seventeenth century breaks upon a desolate scene. Not a spot in the old world

is free from the curse of tyranny. England is lashed into fury with the coming storms of the Stuarts; France is a vexed sea, tossed by a new tempest before the old waves are fallen; Spain is a stagnant, lifeless pool, that knows no tide or current.

Liberty is an outcast. Despotism is everywhere supreme—a madman, sitting among the grave-stones of past achievements, sunk to the lowest degree in sensuality and crime—a tyrant on the throne, and all the world crushed in helpless misery.

Religion is a mockery. Think of the dungeon and the rack as teachers of the Sermon on the Mount; think of the stake as a missionary preaching the humanity of Jesus Christ; think of all Europe lighted up with human fires, about which dance in fiendish glee the sacred priests of God.

These were the scenes from which the fugitives fled, and the fires of persecution, lighting up the western sky, revealed a haven of refuge in the solitudes of the new world. Intolerance and despotism were instruments that populated the new continent and paved the way for the Western Republic. Here the song of liberty is heard again, and, as it echoes and reechoes from the Puritan forests in the north, it is caught up by the Dutch of New York, the Catholics of Maryland and the Huguenots of Carolina and swells into a grand anthem of freedom. It bursts forth in impassioned strains from Old South

Church and Faneuil Hall; it summons the minute men to Lexington and Bunker Hill; and it gathers from all over the land and inspires that chosen band of patriots, in the quiet, Quaker city, to declare their independence and hurl defiance at a tyrant's throne.

Thus, in the midst of storms, tried by persecution, strengthened by struggle and purified by affliction, is developed that spirit of *personal liberty*, which is a distinguishing characteristic of the American colonists and the crowning glory of the Declaration.

It finds its highest expression in the great men of that illustrious epoch. There is Jefferson, ardent, sympathetic, imaginative, with large ideas of liberty and a firm faith in man's high destiny. He is modest, retiring, slow-of speech. Yet America can find for him no prouder title than "Author of the Declaration." There is John Adams, the incomparable orator, blunt and often uncouth, yet intense, powerful, clear and direct as a sunbeam, whose words come with a thrilling energy that "moves men from their seats." There is Franklin, "the gray haired seer, whose eye intent is on the visioned future bent;" who snatched the lightning from the clouds and instilled the electric energy with which his own nature seemed charged, into the minds and hearts of two continents. There, too, are Samuel Adams and John Hancock, those fierce patriots, whom England has cast out and branded, "Traitors;" who plead for

freedom now, with a price upon their heads. And there is Otis, who dared to tell a tyrant king that a Writ of Assistance was "license to robbery," who kindled a flame of indignation in the hearts of his countrymen, that burned and burned, until the stain of that insult is purged away in blood. Such are the men whose lives breathed in the Declaration, men who seemed called of God to achieve the independence of America and move forward the great cause of human liberty.

Such was the Declaration of Independence; heir of the freedom of all ages; breathing the spirit of old Thermopolæ; transfused with the memories of Runnymede and Surrey; pulsing with the life and energy of the times—the men that gave it birth; inspired by its inestimable heritage of freedom and by glimpses of a marvelous future, it gathered the results of liberty from every age, fused and remoulded them in the fervid spirit of the times and forged them all into that sublime declaration, that smote upon the ears of kingly prerogative, custom-entrenched, and tradition-guarded, like the voice of an oracle from heaven: "WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL AND ENDOWED WITH CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS."

We are on the eve of a great moral battle—the grandest bloodless battle of history. It is a battle

not merely between England and her colonies. It is a battle between two great forces, the Divine Right of Kings and the Natural Rights of Man, between the old and the new liberty, the liberty of monarchism and the liberty of democracy. They join battle over a new continent. The Declaration shall be, under God, the rock upon which, "divine right" shall be dashed and broken.

O, the heroism of that hour! Here are the representatives of thirteen, poor, struggling colonies. their land is in distress. Famine stalks by every home. Spies fill their towns and councils. Tory sympathizers with England, rich and powerful, are in their midst. Their northern army is flying before disease and want. Their open borders are haunted by hostile French and Indians. England bends over them, holding in menacing grasp the sword of slaughter. This is the vision they saw. The Declaration is on the table. To accept it is to take a desperate irrevocable step. Is it strange that some shrink back? Is it strange that they look into each other's eyes and say, "We cannot do it! We cannot do it!" But there is one of that solemn band whose heart is beating high with hope, whose eye sweeps beyond the gloom, beyond the cloud that overhangs and threatens, and sees in the clear blue above, enthroned among his stars, the God of Battles, in whose hands eternal Truth and Justice,

at whose right hand are legions of power. O, glorious, impetuous John Adams—America owes much to thee! He rises before that assembly, his hands trembling with eagerness, his brow lighted with a divine inspiration. Words burn upon his lips.

What words he spoke that hour we do not know. We only know that Jefferson called him “the Colossus on the floor.” We only know that when he has ceased—the Declaration is adopted, America is free, and the rule of the king is fallen forever.

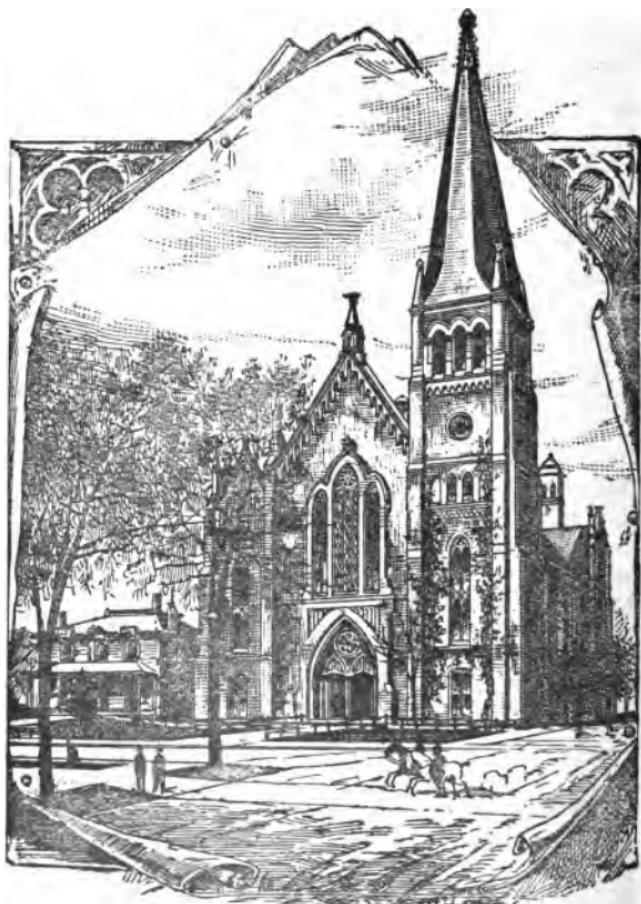
The new liberty has triumphed and from those humble halls go forth forces that have changed the very face of history, and given to liberty a new meaning.

Not only did they inspire the colonies to accomplish the “miracle of the revolution”; not only did they herald the birth of a new nation founded upon the inherent rights of man. They spread far and wide. They spread over a new earth the mantle of a nobler freedom. They built a republic on the plains of Mexico; stretched a golden chain of republics along the slopes of the Andes. They sped across the sea; inspired France, bowed beneath the despotism of thirteen centuries; stirred Italy, Spain and Germany and roused the continent “from the sleep of centuries.” That spirit thrilled old England, too. There the throne still lives, made illustrious by her who fills it. But divine right is a

myth; aristocracy of birth is passing away; and the spirit of democracy is the spirit of the age.

Thus the influence and the lessons of that hour have gone throughout the earth, carrying everywhere new principles of liberty, equality, individuality.

That influence shall never cease, those lessons shall never be forgotten, until the stars have fallen from their courses, or until "our vivid morning star of republican liberty, not losing its lustre, has seen its special brightness fade in the ampler effulgence of a freedom universal."



METHODIST CHURCH, IN WHICH THE KIRK CONTESTS ARE HELD



## APPENDIX.

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It is now almost exactly ten years since Mrs. James S. Kirk first began giving the liberal annual gift, known to all who are even slightly acquainted with the Northwestern University, as the Kirk Prize. As each year's Catalogue announces, the prize is awarded "to that member of the Senior clas who shall write and pronounce the best English oration."

Besides the fact of the round decade, the present is, for other reasons, an opportune time to publish these orations. The privilege of contesting for this prize has depended, ever since it has been given by Mrs. Kirk, upon the winning of one of the five ten-dollar essay prizes given by Mr. William Deering, another of the University's unfailing friends. With the present year this arrangement ends, and the Deering prizes will hereafter be independent of the Kirk prize. The number of speakers on the oratorical contest is increased, and the length of the speech curtailed. The DECADE OF ORATORY, therefore, marks an epoch in the history of the Kirk prize, in more ways than one.

We know of no better place in which to acknowledge the debt of gratitude owed, by us who have been connected with the University during the past decade, to Mr. John B. Kirk, for the kindness and liberality with which he has helped the students each year to keep up all the details of these contests to the high grade of excellence which always marks them.

It was at first intended that this book should contain a short biographical sketch of each person whose oration appears. But, on further consideration, it does not seem desirable to print these statistics here, when the few who would be interested can obtain them at any time, from the Secretary of the Alumni Association of the University. We append, instead, a few historical notes which, it is hoped, will be of more general interest.

The prize oration of 1883, we regret to say, could not be procured for publication in this work. Every effort was made to secure the manuscript, but the fortunate winner of the prize in that year, Mr. John C. Bannister, has lost all trace of it, never having seen it again, as one of his letters puts it, "since handing it to the judges on that beautiful June evening, in Evanston." Otherwise, the book is complete, and this forced omission is therefore a matter of regret for Mr. Bannister's sake, as well as for that of our readers.

The appearance, at the beginning of this book, of two prize orations bearing the date of 1878, is explained by the fact that the prize was divided that year between Messrs. Ackerman and Harris.

It may be interesting to note the devious paths which the prize-winners have taken in their quest for that prosaic but provokingly necessary article called daily bread. Of the twelve persons who have been successful contestants for this prize, three are ladies—two married. Of the nine gentlemen, four are ministers of the gospel, one (Ackerman) having attained the degree of D. D.; one is engaged in commercial pursuits, two are teachers, one is a publisher and one a lawyer.

We quote the following from another volume of North-western University bibliography,\* to show the high place the Kirk prize holds among the college honors:

This oratorical prize is looked forward to by a large number of students with anxious eyes, as the most desirable thing to obtain while in college. A diploma is of little consequence in comparison with this honor. To win the "Kirk" is worth all the other gifts of the institution put together. It is considered a high privilege to compete for this prize, and the goal of the student's ambition in college is reached when he has won it.

A short history of this contest from its earliest beginning may be of interest here. The honor of establishing the prize belongs to Mr. R. P. Blanchard, of the class of '70. The first contest was held in June of 1871. For the first few years an admittance fee was charged, in order to pay the cost of music and of the church. "The Blanchard" continued to be the main feature of Commencement week, until 1876, when financial troubles compelled the donor to discontinue his liberal gift. But generosity begets generosity, and the prize was continued under the patronage of Mrs. J. D. Easter; thus, in 1876 and 1877, "the Easter" was the *ne plus ultra* of undergraduate ambition. With 1878 began the support of the present donor. Many of the students who "write for Kirk" now, know nothing of the length of time the prize has been given, or of its early history. One of the objects of this book will be secured, if some of these historic details are placed where they cannot be hidden beneath the ceaseless drift of new events which so soon covers the past from sight; where four years make a generation, a dozen years are a century.

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\*"History of Omega," by Frank M. Elliot, '77.

A few words in defense of prizes in general: We now and then hear prize-giving unqualifiedly condemned as pernicious—demoralizing—all-in-a-lump bad. Five years of close observation of the many prize contests among the students of this University have thrown their whole weight of testimony against this view. There are evils attending the system, it is true; but they are such as will inevitably attend the scramble after anything worth having and worth working for. The fact that sometimes certain cliques or classes or Greek-letter fraternities will elect contestants on narrow and selfish grounds is no reason for consigning secret societies to the depths of Erebus, neither does it warrant looking askance at everything that bears the name of prize, as though it must assuredly carry the trade-mark of the archfiend. As well might colleges close their doors, because once in a while some small-souled shirk gets a diploma by "ponying" through an examination, or by "cribbing" a thesis. Man cannot keep even an Ark of the Covenant without contaminating it; the fault is not in the system, but in the men. There can be no reasonable doubt that, among young men and women as mature as are the college students of this epoch, and as liberal and honest as the majority of them are, the stimulus which a prize contest furnishes is healthful, beneficial and in every way legitimate.

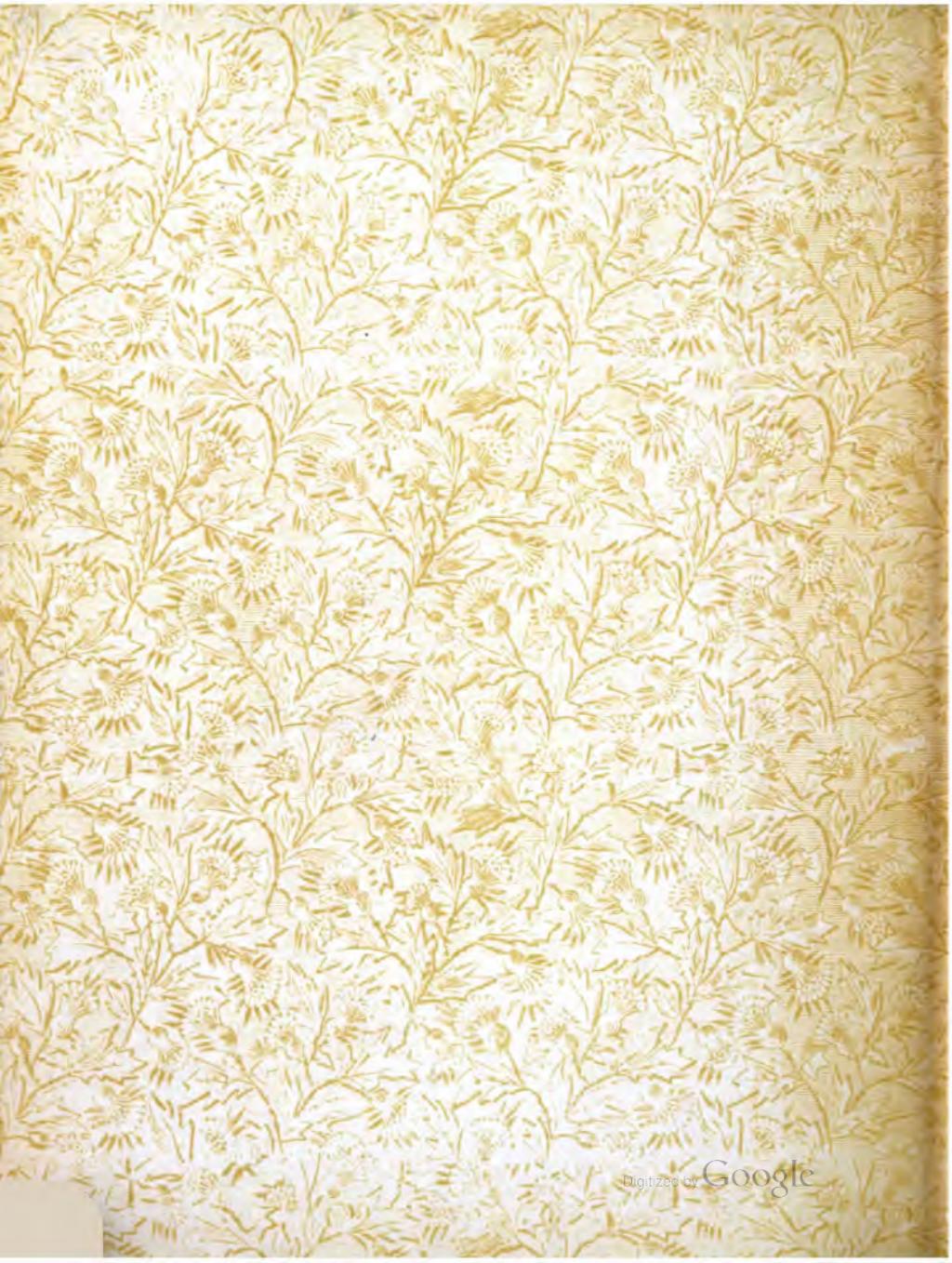
The contestant gets a foretaste of the world of struggle that is soon to close around him; if defeat sours him, it but serves to show his friends and himself what flavor of temper to look for semipiternally, when once he finds himself between the upper and nether millstones of daily life; if one success inflates him, be on your guard for a collapse before the waning of many moons. In any event, a prize contest will show out the true nature of a man; it is bound to do so, for a man must be in earnest when he meets a half-dozen of his equals

in any contest where victory means the stretching of every sinew; and no man can be in dead earnest without being entirely himself. Whether his actions are bad or good will depend on the spirit which has been aroused to act. The great point is that it *arouses to action*—stirs up the mind—brings out what is in a man or woman. It also trains to thoroughness as nothing else will. A prize contest will make even a lazy man work; the student whose knowledge is of the crazy-quilt order, and is shady all around the edges, to boot, will discover the absolute necessity of knowing something thoroughly, and will discover it in a much gentler and less dangerous way than when thrown out into the sea of practical business without ever having swum a stroke.

These contests break up the monotony of school life; train to fairness of judgment; give impetus to the study of literature and oratory, and keep alive the interest of friends not connected with the school. Every contestant gets more than the value of any prize, from the study and practice necessary in training for the contest; the prizes themselves, also, are often instrumental in helping students to complete the course. Altogether, prizes for literary work, judiciously given and conscientiously striven for, are not only a legitimate and healthy stimulus to work, but an invaluable aid in that great work of education which is forever teaching men to look for higher and still higher prizes as the rewards of the inevitable contests of life.







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